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—

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THE INTERNATIONAL PEOPLE'S COLLEGE

—

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—

POETRY

—

LETTERS

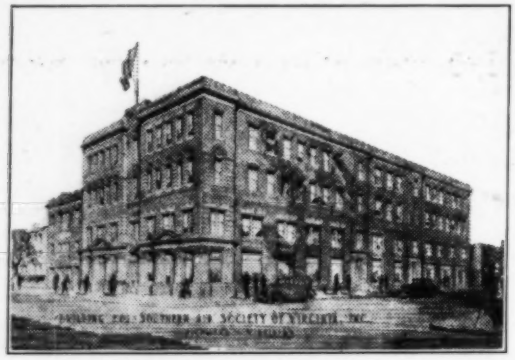
—

EDITORIALS

NORMAN THOMAS and CONGRESSMAN DE PRIEST
On the NEGRO IN POLITICS

NEGRO TOURISTS IN CUBA

LORD OLIVIER *On AFRICA*



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A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. B. Du Bois, Editor — Irene C. Malvan, Business Manager

The Crisis was founded in 1910 and is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It is conducted by an Editorial Board, consisting of W. E. B. DuBois, Editor-in-chief, James Weldon Johnson, Walter White and Herbert J. Seligmann.

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FORECAST

The editorial drawer is overflowing with exceedingly interesting matter. We cannot be certain just when some of these articles will appear but all are worth waiting for and some will come next month.

First of all, a frank and telling criticism of *Woofterism*, the Report on Negro employment and other Reports, made by a Southern white professor, with the aid of the Rosenwald Fund. The *Rosenwald Fund* will make a statement concerning its attitude.—Here is a thrilling story in verse, by *Heba Janneth*.—We have a number of articles on the school situation: the schools in *New Orleans* and in *Gary, Indiana;* the curious statistics of the *Land Grant Colleges* and above all, another smashing criticism of education by *Arthur P. Davis*.—There is *Irving Underhill's* story of "The Borderland of Africa," and finally, we hope to begin next month our debate on *Religion* between *Clarence Darrow* and *Bishop Jones;* and we shall continue from month to month our symposium on the *Negro in Politics*.—The Crisis is not simply controversy and facts. It has its human interest stories; the story of a *West Virginia* colored leader; the story of *colored librarians; six silhouettes* by Effie Lee Newsome, and last but not least, some more *fiction* quite as good as "Deepening Dusk."

The Crisis is published monthly and copyrighted by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 15 cents a copy, $1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage and while The Crisis uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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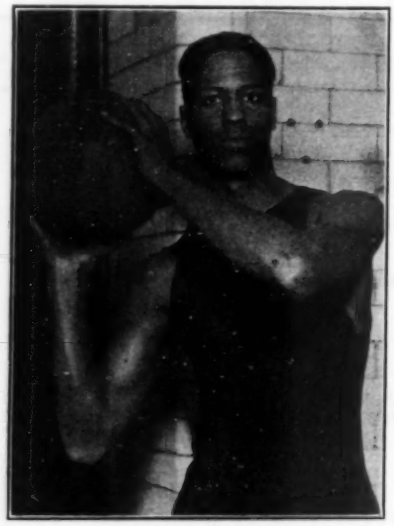

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As the Eagle Soars

THE "racial purity" and the "racial inferiority" behind such books as McDougall's "Is America Safe for Democracy," Chamberlain's "Foundations of Nineteenth Century Civilization"; Grant's "The Passing of the Great Race"; Wiggam's "The New Decalogue of Science"; Gould's "America a Family Matter"; and East's "Mankind at the Crossroads," are bunk pure and simple. If these United States wish to restrict immigration to "Nordics" or to this or that political group, why not say so and be done with it? To bolster up racial prejudices or a Nordic or a Puritan complex by false and misleading inferences drawn from "intelligence tests" or from pseudo-biology and ethnology, is to throw away science and fall back on the mentality of primitive savagery.

Evolution produced a human brain, our only remarkable inheritance. Nothing else counts. Body is simply brain's servant. Treat the body right, of course; no brain can function well without good service. But why worry more about the looks, color, and clothes of the servant than the service it performs?

G. A. DORSEY *in "Why we behave like human beings"*

As the Crow Flies

The basis of American business is so fundamentally sound that apparently banks can be blown over by a Bolshevik whisper. Poor Fish, cross-eyed and blind, is hot on the trail of the wind.

●

Astute Englishmen have almost succeeded in centering the interest of the Imperial Indian Conference on internal religious problems, rather than on the one great external disaster, the domination of England.

●

The story of the mythical bones of the Czar and his family have at least made one matter clear, and that is that America fought Russia without a declaration of war, and that Russia has valid claims for damage done.

●

The war against the people of Cuba carried on by President Machado and backed by American investors, is rapidly reaching a desperate stage.

●

Instead of making men good by act of legislature, prohibitionists should try to make them sober by good common sense.

●

I was gyped out of $3.45 in my income tax returns ten years ago and could not get it back. If I had been a McCormick, I might have received $86,787.94, with a polite bow from Mr. Mellon. It shows that the Bible was dead right about Him that Hath and him that hathn't.

●

We have got at least two honest judges in New York City, and they are the black boys whom we recently put on the bench in High Harlem.

●

Nannie sure got the black preachers' goat, and it is bleating something fierce.

●

China has got real civilized and raised her new tariff good and high; and the bottom has not dropped out of the universe although it has dropped out of white merchants' profits.

●

And still the simple remedy for world-wide depression and threats of war is not even seriously discussed; and that is the universal cancellation of war debts and reparations and the recognition of Russia by the United States.

●

In spite of back talk, strutting, new ships and the frenzied applause of all American tourists, the end of Italian Fascism is almost in sight.

●

The Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company have been prevented from making a billion dollar merger at a cost of $14,000,000. When the dispute as to the value of the shares is settled, the merger will go through and the people of the United States will pay the price; which illustrates the value of competition.

●

The world is flooded with deleterious drugs, not because Turkey and Asia raise them but because England and America sell them and make good profit thereby.

●

We are waiting with wide and smiling interest to hear Peans of Enthusiasm greet the proposition of Senator Norris to elect the President by popular vote. Our ears are especially turned toward Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and their neighbors.

●

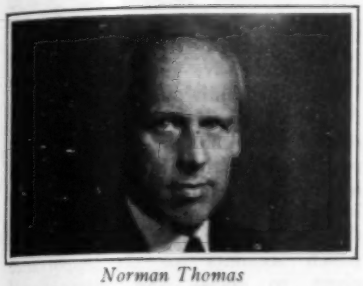
Watch the talk of the Sales Tax. It recurs regularly. The Sales Tax is paid by the poor on their purchases. They pay it because they must and can not afford to go to court; so the tax yields beautiful returns. On the other hand, taxes on the rich may be held down by Congress, held up by the court and refunded by the United States Treasury Department.

●

If you are a railroad you may demand government aid; but if you are merely a starving man, doles are unconstitutional.

The Future of the Black Vote

By NORMAN THOMAS *and* CONGRESSMAN DE PRIEST



Norman Thomas

I AM much interested in your question about the political alliances of the American Negro. Of course I think he ought to vote and to fit himself to vote intelligently, I hope more intelligently than most white men! I grant that white discrimination has given the Negro something more than an excuse for voting as a Negro rather than as a man and a worker. Nevertheless, I think it will be a calamity if Negro voters form a racial bloc subject to the manipulation of white and colored politicians who play on racial feeling.

The Negro as a worker, and an underprivileged worker at that, is or should be vitally interested in such great social problems as unemployment, taxation, control of natural resources, the rights of the workers to organize, the preservation of world peace, and the purity and efficiency of our government. Not one of these is a racial issue, and if the Negro voter in municipal, state or national elections is bribed by fair words and small favors to him as a Negro he will play continually into the hands of the exploiters.

Even if the Negro voter is to vote and think racially the record of the Republican Party gives him no reason to be a blind Republican. That Party's services to the Negro, such as they were, are mostly in the past. Whatever the Democratic Party may do in the North, in the South it is still the enemy of ordinary justice to the Negro, to say nothing of his political rights. An opportunism which merely shifts back and forth between parties such as these two, neither of which really cares for the Negro and both of which belong to the owning class, without any real difference of principles between them, is a pathetic and servile kind of opportunism.

What the intelligent Negro voter ought to be doing is to help us build a real party to represent the interests of workers with hand and brain. This is the class to which the overwhelming mass of Negroes belongs. This is the class on which must build the future if we are ever to be free, prosperous, and at peace. Grant that many labor unions have not dealt fairly with the Negro. These are not the unions which have embraced the Socialist philosophy or are helping Socialists to build a strong and effective party in the interests of the workers as producers and consumers.

I should, therefore, like to see Negro voters working with the Socialists to build a stronger party than we now have on foundations we are now laying. The Socialist movement has espoused the cause of Negro rights without errors in tactics of Communists—without, for instance, talking about "self determination of Negroes in Southern states" as did a Communist Congress. The races must live not in autonomous racial states but side by side. In general Socialists have earned a degree of Negro support they have not yet received.

Norman Thomas

AS an outgrowth of the steadily developing perplexity as to the status of the Negro in the life of our body-politic, there is frequent recurrence to consideration of just what should be his attitude. Tradition, passed on from the Negro forefathers and especially those who weathered the Reconstruction period, dictates most positively present and future adherence to the Republican Party. It is argued that all legislation for the benefit of the American Negro has come from or through the Republican party, and that all legislation and every public governmental act inimical to the best interests of the Negro, is charged up to the Democratic party. At the moment, with distrust of the Democratic party and more or less disgust with the Republican party, it would seem the Negro mind is leaning to some invention that will secure for him his rights under the constitution. The question comes up, will a third party answer the purpose?

In a third party, organized on modern-day standards and with the increasing respect for the intelligent use of the ballot by the Negro, there would seem to be much merit in a move in that direction. I find myself, more and more, urging the American Negro to support men and measures; principles and policies; rather than a blind adherence to any one party for local office. I am not sure, however, that the time is now ripe for such a departure from the traditionally respected G. O. P. that has so consistently stood by, but I am convinced that it is time for the Republican Party to take higher ground and more practical interest in the constitutional rights of all citizens, including 12,000,000 loyal black Americans.

Oscar De Priest

This is the beginning of a symposium by the political leaders of America, advising black voters as to their best future political course. Norman Thomas is the well-known leader of the Socialist Party in America. He has been a candidate for high office and is widely recognized for his integrity, knowledge and sincerity. Congressman De Priest is the only colored Congressman and is a Republican from Chicago. In future numbers of THE CRISIS *we shall print further contributions to this symposium from Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, a Republican, Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, an Independent, Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, a Democrat, and a number of other statesmen and leaders, colored and white.*

Oscar De Priest

An International Center in Denmark

By REBECCA CHALMERS BARTON

THE social problems that face our day present an increasing challenge to thinking people, and undoubtedly a favorite solution to which they are constantly turning is education. Recognizing that there is no immediate and general panacea, and that even alleviation will be a gradual and painful process, they nevertheless are clinging to the conviction that the emotional and mental distortions which are responsible for all the prejudice and mistrust at the root of these same social problems can only be straightened by the right kind of wise educational training. This does not necessarily mean the formal or traditional type of education. In fact, the dangers inherent in most conventional education are being exposed continually, and criticism has been pouring out of the press with growing volume for several years, up to Dr. Flexner's recent book on the universities. Rather, should we have "education for life", not for vocation or position, prestige or financial security, say the critics and the thoughtful ones. There are, of course, many experiments being made today along this line, and one of the most interesting is making headway at the International People's College, Elsinore, Denmark.

This college was started in 1921 by Peter Manniche, a young Danish idealist who was deeply impressed by the tragedy of war, and who came to see that peace organizations are powerless without the intelligent insight and will to peace which only true education can give. Denmark seemed to be a very suitable location for such an educational adventure, because of its neutral position among the European nations, because of its advanced social and coöperative life, and because of the famous folk high-school movement, that provided an excellent basis for method and organization. Naturally the International College has had to expand beyond its original impetus from the folk high-school movement, since that was primarily national-minded. But even today much of the spirit and idealism that radiated from such warm personalities as the Danish educators, Bishop Grundtvig and Kristian Kold, has a ripening effect on the life of this institution.

The way towards peace chosen by this particular school is to develop a learning process which is spontaneous and stimulating, and to encourage a culture which is an integral part of the individual's life today rather than an extraneous cloak to hide a blankness and futility of spirit within. This is done partly through the method and content of the teaching, and partly through daily association and mutual work of people from various classes, nations and races.

Mrs. Barton is a teacher of Literature at the International People's College, having received her training at Wellesley College and Wisconsin University. Becoming interested in the new movements in the educational field she has for the time being cast in her lot with the College at Elsinore. The school believes that true international education must also be inter-racial, and as a part of this plan it is intended to include Negro students at every session. A few scholarships are available. Persons interested should write to the Editor of THE CRISIS, *69 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

The method is informal and personal. There are no entrance requirements, no formal examinations, and consequently no diplomas or degrees. This means that the emphasis is put where it belongs: on education for itself and its own inner values rather than as a means to some questionable end. Of course there are the lazy and the indolent, who will always take advantage of this freedom, but they are no worse off than if they were in the ordinary school forced to "cram" answers for examinations which they will speedily forget afterwards. And besides, such misfits are not likely to remain comfortably in a more purposeful environment unless they can adapt to the group-ways. The responsiveness to the claims of freedom on the part of the majority of the student group is what engenders the prevailing healthy atmosphere of work.

There are not those too frequent artificial barriers between teacher and student. The students take much of the initiative themselves, giving reports or leading discussions in the small study circles supplementary to the lectures and classes. The lecturers often encourage students to interrupt with question and comment whenever they feel the need. Frequently obscure points are thus cleared up, or important issues raised which otherwise would have remained beneath the surface without any mental productivity.

The content of the teaching aims to be comprehensive and cultural in nature. The individual must first understand himself, and so there is a place for psychology, and for self-expression through informal essay writing. Then he must understand his relationship to his neighbors, and beyond that to the world in which he lives, which accounts for the importance given to social and international studies. But the enrichment of his own inner resources, and the true appreciation for those resources in others, must come not only from a scientific but from a literary and artistic approach. This means that much attention is paid to comparative literatures, to the great writers and poets of Russia and England, Germany, Scandinavia and America, and to the varying social and aesthetic points of view they express. But in order to gain a deep feeling for the thought life of another nation, it becomes necessary for the student to learn foreign languages. German, Swiss, Swedish and Danish students can be seen and heard eagerly learning English, while the Americans, Welsh and Irish are struggling with German or French. Language study is an integral part of the school life, and most students in addition to daily instruction from native teachers, participate in student conversation groups of mixed nationality, taking turns in teaching their own, or practicing other languages. There is no better way of learning a language than by this constant association in work and leisure-time, at meals and sports, with people who speak it. But there are obviously other than linguistic advantages in being brought in contact with those from other nations.

Perhaps the school's most fundamental contribution is the unique opportunity it gives for problems not only of nations, but of race and class, to become minimized through its fellowship. The school acts on the belief that it is insufficient for the creation of genuine understanding and harmony just to bring people of various backgrounds together. In this case the extensive tourist traffic of our times would long ago have lessened instead of in many instances increased prejudice and hostility. People must have a content to their association, studies which will give them a common objective center outside themselves whereby they will lose

the self-consciousness and defensive attitude so often inevitable to the stranger within the gates. In actual practice there is witness here to the essential truth of this theory. English and German, colored and white, worker and university student, farmer and artisan, Hindu and Christian are gradually welded into unity through the common pursuance and expression of ideas and interests. It is evident that this is the type of unity proclaimed by the wise old Greek philosopher who saw the existence of harmony only through strife and diversity. The school considers this a point of strength rather than of handicap to be overcome. There is a glory in differences. Life becomes a many-colored thing escaping monotony and stagnation in one set of folk-ways.

Although, in order to allow for the growth of this particular kind of personal educational fellowship, the school prefers not to take over a hundred students, nevertheless representatives from twenty-nine different nationalities, and from the main racial groups have been at the school during its existence of ten years. Negro students open up new ways of poetry and beauty to the group, through their own spiritual sensitiveness and mental fire which challenges unjust discrimination. Indian students deepen the stereotyped religious philosophies of others. The Germans warm the imagination with their youth movement songs, while the Danes and English tend to give a stability of character and thought to the whole group. Often the Americans are helpful in promoting the fun and impromptu social activities to which the Swedish add

The American Negro must seek a new educational program. Persons interested should read the Commercement address delivered at Howard University last June by W. E. B. Du Bois. It is now in print.

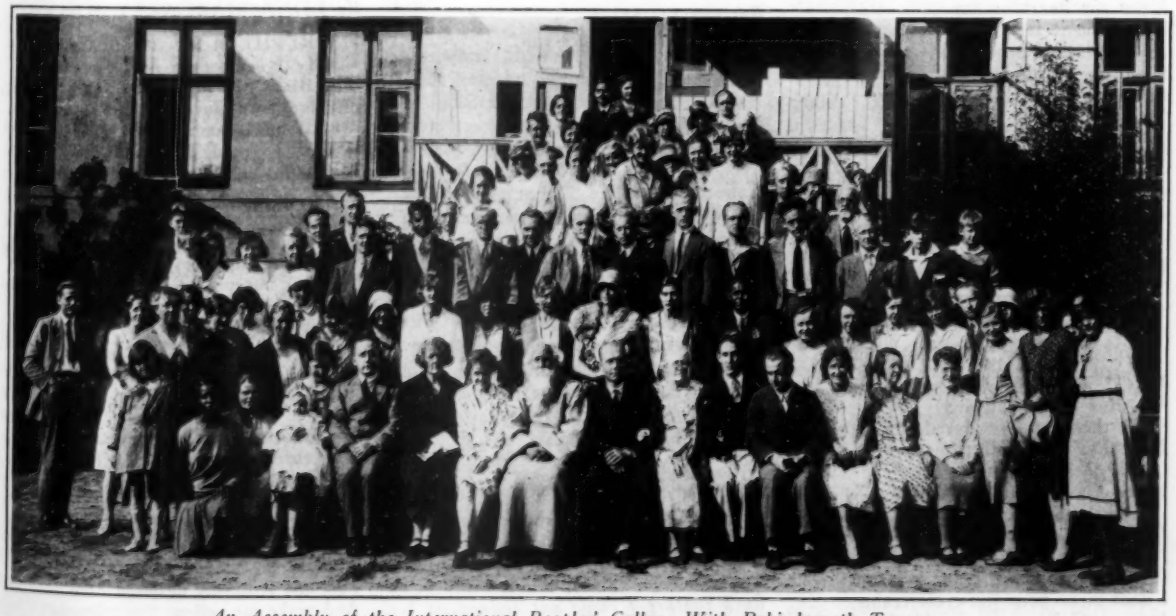
thei. incomparable folk-dances of boundless grace and spirit.

The nature of the simple and healthy social life enhances that natural friendliness and spontaneous coöperation without which no sound international and inter-racial relationships are probable. Recreation is usually of a home-made variety, and therefore flavored with personality. The tennis court made by the students may lack finish but is probably all the more popular because any imperfection stamps it as theirs. The gymnasium is the scene not only of organized gymnastics and hand-ball, but of folk dancing and the acting of plays produced by home talent. One of the most recent of these was written by an English ex-miner, called "America joins the League." It was a humorous satire on diplomats in which an imminent war was avoided only by the intervention of the American Negro. He happily diverts the attention of the conspiring and antagonistic statesmen to human and non-material values. It is interesting to note that after the success of this playlet, evidenced by three public performances at the school, a request was made for its production in Copenhagen.

Other school interests in leisure time are bicycling and hiking through the surrounding beech forests, swimming in the nearby Sound, and excursions to beautiful spots in Denmark and Sweden. The location of the school on its own farm is fortunate, for it has the country-side beyond it, the quaint town of Hamlet's Elsinore below it, and the city of Copenhagen with its cultural advantages within an hour's distance by train.

Perhaps one of the strongest appeals which a school of this nature can make to Americans especially is a certain atmosphere of leisure and quiet, hard to define yet quickly possible to realize. There is always much to do, yet somehow time to do it without the tension and sense of pressure so often evoked by our American tempo. When the habit of hurry under strain is escaped, we often find that our best thinking has a chance to germinate and become fruitful in sunlight that is mellow.

In trying to gain an objective view of this whole educational undertaking, we must recognize the presence of flaws. The results do not by any means coincide consistently with the aims, and limitations or maladjustment of one kind or another often creep in. But the very fact that the stress is always on the reach, no matter how disappointing the grasp, is a witness to its capacity for growth and renewal. And considering the handicaps of skepticism and indifference which a school of this nature must work against in an unbelieving world, we must accord it great achievement, certainly from a relative and to a lesser degree from an absolute point of view. It is still young and in its formative years, and the latent power inherent in the very ideal of such an international educational center gives untold hope for the future.



An Assembly of the International Peoples' College With Rabindranath Tagore

THE POET'S PAGE

To a Pickaninny

By EDNA HARRIET BARRETT

HOW broad you smile at people passing by,
There in your carriage, swathed in vivid pink,
Before the ten-cent store. Your great eyes blink
At street cars, roll in ecstasy, and try
To follow every rambling dog or boy
Until he's out of sight. Your heart is gay
And, gleefully, you reach for the display
Of window trinkets—gurgling for sheer joy.

You do not know that bits of glass like this
Once lured your dusky race to slavery,
Nor that these persons passing on the street
Will banish you from their white-peopled bliss.
Poor trusting babe, you will awake to see
These phantom fetters dragging at your feet.

The Lost Heart

By BILLIE B. COOPER

ONE day,
When I was playing in the sand,
I found a bottle that the tide
Had washed ashore.
I filled it with bright pebbles,
And to me
Each pebble was a promise and a dream.
And then at last
Because it was not full,
I put my heart on top
And flung it far.
As it splashed beneath a wave,
Child-like, I blew
A kiss to the early evening star.
I meant it all in play
And little knew
The years to follow
Would bring one like you,
Who would be tired and very sad today
To know the sea had washed my heart away
Long years before.

1930

By NANCY CUNARD

NOT yet satisfied,
But I'll be satisfied
With the days I've slaved for hopes,
Now I'm cuttin all the ropes—
Gettin in my due of dough
From Ofays that'll miss me so—
Go—ing . . . Go—ing . . .
Where the arrow points due South.

I dont mean your redneck-farms,
I dont mean your jim-crow trains,
I mean Gaboon—
I dont mean your cotton-lands,
Old-stuff coons in Dixie bands,
I've said Gaboon—
This aint no white man's nigger
Nor was—but I've grown bigger
The further away from you
(Further, longer away from you)
My Cracker moon.

Doin my own stuff now,
Equator, Pole and Pole—
Fixin to board the prow
And let the Ocean roll and roll
And roll me over, even,
To where the Congo waters roll.

Wont take from the old lands
But twelve bottles of gin—
Wont leave on the old lands
But my cheque cashed in—
Then make clear to the Black Folks
They can't but win.

Last advice to the Crackers:
Bake *your own* white meat—
Last advice to the lynchers:
Hang *your brother* by the feet.
One sitting-pretty Black Man
Is a million-strong on heat.

Goin to beat up Fear on the octaves,
Tear the Crackers limb from limb—
Goin to take on each-every vengeance,
Drum one blood-blasting hymn—
And laugh laugh laugh in the shadows
Louder'n Death—I'll be watching him.

Pedestal

NO . . . do not place me here
Within this shrine

But you are beauty
And I would worship you!

'Tis cold . . .

No . . . for you are a shaft
Of silver fire against the sky

Take me down . . . Let me be
A crimson flame against your heart . . .

I am afraid . . .you might crumble
At my touch . . .

Ah! Better to know the touch.
I will be far more lovely
In your embrace . . . even tho' I be dust . . .!

Your love is a shrine
And I the Priest who guards
Its stainless beauty.

But my love would be more beautiful
Were it bruised between our lips
Like the fallen rose . . .

Such rapture I could not endure
I would die . . .

Better to die of rapture
Than wither with age . . .
But . . . as you will.
There are others . . .
Never . . .!! Come . . . Let me die

The Church of the Green Pastures

By JEANNE COLLINS

THE Green Pastures is my Church
here God walks and God talks
just off Broadway.
Services are held every evening
including Sabbath and Wednesday Matinee.
The Scriptural Text is from the Five
Books of Moses.
The Hymns and Spirituals
are sung by God's Chosen Race.
"Go Down Moses"
burns into the hearts of mankind.
In the sight of the Lord,
the Mansfield Theatre transformed
into the Church of the Green Pastures.
God be praised,
Brother Richard Harrison and his holy flock
be praised.
Brother Roark Bradford be praised
Brother Lawrence Rivers be praised
and last but not least Brother Marc Connelly
be praised for endowing the Modern Babylon
with the Church of The Green Pastures.

A White Girl's Prayer

By EDNA MARGARET JOHNSON

I WRITHE in self-contempt, O God—
My Nordic flesh is but a curse:
The Black girl loaths to clasp my hand;
She doubts my love, because I'm white.
An Oriental shrinks from me,
While flashing Hindu eyes disdain
My pallid cheek, my Saxon hair,
And Jewess lips rebuke my smile.
Shy "senorita" apprehends
The sneering crowd, were she my guest.
Old Indian squaws perplexed will stare,
When I but praise their basketry.

O, bitter age. I'm ostracized
By my own proud Caucasian clan,
Since I, among my friends would have
The youths of every race and caste.

O God of Life, remove this curse—
The cords of shame are strangling me.
Remorse is mine. I would atone
For white superiority—
Sheer carnal pride of my own race.

Tonight on bended knees I pray:
Free me from my despised flesh
And make me yellow . . . bronze . . .
or black.

Deepening Dusk

A Story by EDITH MANUEL DURHAM

THIS is the conclusion of a story begun in the January CRISIS.

Vivvie was the daughter of a white man who had married her black mother and died while the daughter was yet an infant. Vivvie did not know her father was white and did not understand the slurs of her playmates on white "trash" and the sort of colored women they usually married. Vivvie, who was but seventeen, loved her mother and too she loved black Tim, the 20 year old illegitimate boy who worked nights in the foundry and now and then visited Vivvie under her mother's watchful eye. Yesterday, the two had kissed bashfully for the first time and the mother entering the room suddenly had sensed the situation. Sending Vivvie to the kitchen, Kate Benson had told Tim kindly but firmly that he must not visit her daughter any more, not because of his mother, nor because he was not to be trusted, but because she was going to raise Vivvie "as a lady, even if her father was white!" As Tim departed in misery Vivvie, who had been listening, rushed in and confronted her mother. Was her father a white man? Astonished and unable to understand Vivie's indignation, Kate Benson told her what she thought she already knew, then angrily sent her upstairs to bed. Vivvie writhed and sobbed and then rising took her resolve. She washed her face and wrote a curt note:

"Ma, I have gone to Tim!"

The story now continues.

In Two Parts. Part Two

It was bald. What else was there to say? Nothing. The note slipped under the inkwell. Ma would find it when she dusted in the morning. After Vivvie had gone to Tim tonight, Ma wouldn't dare to stop her in the morning.

Down the narrow stairs, calling, "Ma, oh, Ma!" She must act like nothing had happened. She would tell her that she must see Rosie Kauffman next door about her algebra. That would give her an hour to locate Tim, before Ma got uneasy. She called again, funny Ma did not answer. As she stepped down into the kitchen, Vivvie crinkled her nose. Not like Ma to let her kettle burn, she must be upset. Vivvie lifted the smelly thing from the fire. If Ma was in the back yard Vivvie would walk out the front; save questions.

Halfway across the dining-room, she stopped short, hands fluttering to her breast. Something was wrong. Why was Ma lying on the floor, her head under the table?

"Ma," shrilled Vivvie, "Ma!" Never had Kate Benson failed that cry. Vivvie dropped on the faded carpet beside her, shaking the huddled form, calling without answer. Ma must be deaf, or— dead. Her shrieks pierced the air,

"Dead! I killed her! Ma! Ma! Ma!"

Pushing through the narrow door they came, plump Mrs. Jacobs, slim Mrs. Harris, anxious to aid. The Jewish woman's white hands were stained pink from the berries she had been hulling, the dark woman's brown hands were dusty, straight from the biscuit pan; busy women, both of them, dropping everything for a child's cry of terror.

Vivvie did not look up, intent only on making Ma answer. Jane Harris pulled her away, straightened the crumpled figure. Vivvie screamed again.

"Quit that noise, girl," the woman gave sharp command, "Screechin' can't help your Ma. Go to my house and 'phone the doctor".

The girl stood there, silenced by this briskness, but with no power of motion.

"The child is useless," Mrs. Harris complained, chafing Ma's wrists. Mrs. Jacobs was bringing water. Behind her mother's broad shoulders, Rosie Jacobs appeared.

"Rosie, you go," Jane Harris directed, "tell Doctor Talbert to come right off. Vivvie here is nothing but a stick."

With only time for a pitying glance at Vivvie, Rosie sped on her errand. Vivvie was seeing only Ma. She was trying to ask these women a question. Funny how loud she was screaming till Mis' Harris hushed her, now her throat wouldn't work at all. Still she had to know. Had she murdered Ma with the terrible things she had said, and the worse things she had thought and had not dared to say? There was a question she must have answered. Haltingly the syllables came,

"Is she—is Ma—dead?" Vivvie had spoken so low she was surprised when Mrs. Jacobs answered,

"The poor maidala," plump hands patted the girl's rigid shoulders, comfortingly, "the mama you have still by you."

Then she was not dead. Tears came. A soothing voice, "So, so, you should not cry."

Through the unchecked tears Vivvie questioned further, "Will she die?"

The crisp Harris voice answered, "If she looks to you for help she will." The brisk cruelty of the sentence, as the brown woman meant it to, dried the tears and checked the hysteria she had seen rising.

"Go you up and get your Ma's gown ready, and turn down the bed."

Clinmbing the stairs like a freshly wound mechanical toy, the words followed her, "A thin woman, but long and heavy, can we manage her Mis' Jacobs? Here's Rosie back, better let her. Here, you Rosie, you're young and strong, we can carry Mis' Benson up."

Vivvie had a gown unbuttoned and spread on the chair-back, a best one Ma had laid away for sickness, she who had not needed a doctor since Vivvie was born in this bed whose covers were turned so neatly back. Vivvie stood watching while they laid Ma on the sheet, but put her hand out for a bar when they reached for the gown.

"No, I will do that, I can fix her," she told them. Mrs. Harris eyed her keenly. "Well," she agreed. Understandingly they left her alone with Ma. It was the first personal service the daughter had ever rendered. Somehow she undressed Kate, she could see plainly now that Ma still breathed. Like someone asleep, somehow Vivvie got the nightgown smooth under her, and pulled the sheet up under her chin. Some of Vivvie's terror was gone though she was still afraid.

"Overwork, the heart weakened, evidently she has had a shock," that was the doctor's verdict. Perfect rest, quiet, to be guarded from unpleasantness, was all Kate Benson needed, he did not wish to be alarming, but another shock might prove fatal. He and his little black bag were gone. Jane Harris had followed him down the stairs, Vivvie was alone with Ma, who was breathing easily, and sleeping. Vivvie sat there, her hands light on the pillow, her eyes waiting, intent on Ma's face. Oh, she had so very nearly killed her! If only Ma would get well, Vivvie would never,

never hurt her again; she would learn to work so Ma might rest; she would even give up Tim; everything Ma wanted of her Vivvie would do, if only she would get well.

Ma opened her eyes, smiling into Vivvie's anxious face. Oh, it was heaven to see Ma smile again! Nothing should ever come between them! Not a dozen white fathers should separate them!

"Well, Vivvie, have you forgiven your Ma for not making you black?" surprising how natural Ma sounded, "for letting you be born?"

"Oh, Ma! Nothing matters if you will get right again. I love you, Ma, if I am a wicked little fool."

"Don't say such words, Vivvie, they ain't lady like. You're not ashamed to be my baby?" Kate caught both the child's hands.

"Oh, Ma!"

"Well, then, that's good, because I have to talk to you about these things, I thought you always knew." Kate tightened her clasp on Vivvie's fingers. "Hard on you finding out like that. Ma's going to tell you all about it."

Something warned Vivvie, she did not want to hear, "Not now, dear, the doctor says you must be still."

"What's that doctor know about my business," it was the old Ma speaking, "you listen to me. More room out than in and I want to tell you all about it now. About me, and your Pa."

Vivvie didn't wish to listen, but she must.

"Your Pa's people were quality, well off. He was a youngun' still when he came here and stopped at the Brittney House, on his first job, just a kid, though he was twenty-five or some; I was young too, not twenty yet, but I felt lots older, because I had made my livin' so many years then. I was doin' chamber work at the Brittney House. You can't know about such things, baby, so, I'll slur it over much as I can. I was makin' his room one day when he came in. Well, he wanted me, bad."

Vivvie turned her head away, it wasn't fitting to hear these things about Ma. It didn't sound like Ma, and she wasn't speaking right. Ma who was so proud of her schooling.

"You needn't flinch away, baby, Ma isn't going to shame you." Kate had sensed Vivvie's uneasiness. "I pulled away from him and gave him some sass, but I didn't report him. The manager expected us girls to take care of ourselves. He would only have blamed me and maybe I'd lose my job. Well, to make a long story short, he wouldn't let me rest. I was a good girl, raised decent, so I made him see he couldn't have me, not the way he wanted me. Well, he hadn't ever been denied anything in reach of his hand, and he thought he had to have me. So we got married. You see it pays a girl to be good, Vivvie!"

It paid, yes, and here was Vivvie paying, because Ma had been "good"!

"Well, it raised a stink. Colored folks like to talk their heads off. I quit the Brittney House and your Pa's boss fired him soon as he heard what he'd done. That wasn't good for him. He never had done any laboring work and that was all there was for him after he married colored in a small place like this, where everybody minds your business. He never got hardened, it killed him earlier than he was due to die.

"Well, if either of us was ever sorry we never let on. He wrote his folks he had married a servant, without saying I was colored. The servant part was bitter enough to them. They forgave him after a while, but never came near him. He used to visit them when we could scrape up enough to dress him fitting. He was proud and scared when you came, Vivvie. Tiny and red, but we could see then you were to be bright, and I was tickled."

Vivvie interrupted, choking over the words, "You loved me because I was fair?" Kate Benson drew her child's averted head down to her breast and held her close, so the girl could not see the tears rising, holding back.

"As if I wouldn't love my baby just the same, white as milk or black as coal, ma like or pa like. It was only we felt it would make things easier for you. Your Pa said then, 'If the dusk doesn't deepen, Kate, we can send her home and make a lady of her.' He loved you, Vivvie. He took you with him once, but you were too little to remember. Your Grandma was crazy after you. He said it again when he was passin', and I promised him. And almost I waited too long. Your Grandma wrote me for you. Time I sent you away. You can pass."

This was shameful, abasing; Vivvie's cheeks burned. She wasn't going to try any such thing. It was foolish, wicked, mean. It would divide her from Tim. She nipped the hot protest on her tongue. Opposition would excite Ma. She asked, calmly as she could, "Is it right, Ma?"

"Think your Ma would tell you wrong?" Ma demanded. "Go look in that glass." Obediently Vivvie crossed to the tall old dresser, looked long and despairingly into the mirror. She had no need to look. Vivvie knew what it reflected, and now that Ma had spoken she knew what she had not thought of before: it was the face, the hair and the eyes of a white girl looking back at her, and Vivvie did not want to see it, now.

"Come back now, babe." Ma's eyes were on her, ruling her, beseeching her. "Now tell me what's wrong with our plan? Don't that glass say you are more white than black?"

The mirror said it, though Vivvie knew it lied. Lied, because it could not reflect her heart, her heart full of love for the black mother she used to have (this was not really Ma, saying such terrible things, only some one she had to be careful not to shock), full of Tim, Tim, Tim! Yes, her face was the dawn, but in her heart! What had Ma said? Deepening dusk? Too bad the mirror could not reveal the soft, brown dusk in her heart. She could never pass, if that should show.

Ma was speaking again, waiting for an answer. "Well, Vivvie?" The answer wouldn't come. Ma's eyes grew keen. "You aren't bothered over Tim, a baby like you. Wasn't anything serious?" she queried. Vivvie could not trust her voice, words might come with a violence that would shock Ma and kill her. Vivvie had promised obedience if Ma lived, and Ma was living, demanding, "You don't think you're in love with that black boy?"

Slowly Vivvie shook her head. Ma pulled Vivvie down to her again, "Well I'm glad. Nothing stands in our way. Not for nothing have I slaved to keep you a lady, babe, your hands white and soft. You never will have to come the hard way your Ma did. You needn't marry a poor man that can give you only a livin'. You can choose from the finest."

The finest? Tim. "I will never marry, Ma." Vivvie broke her silence to say. Never marry Tim, never to have chubby brown babies with dancing eyes!

"Glad that is settled, Vivvie, I will rise from here in the morning, Doctor or no. You go down now and tell Sis' Harris she can go home to her men folks. You and me will be all right. I mean to nap a bit. Kiss me, babe."

Vivvie put her lips to Kate's and went from the room on her errand. Ma did not sleep, she lay there with eyes closed, wondering, fighting, aching. She shouldn't have asked the child to kiss her, the caress had said too much, had near shattered the plans of a lifetime. Vivvie's lips had been hard and cold, the kiss of one already slain for sacrifice; it lay heavy on her lips, too lifeless to strike in. She had never counted on the child turning from her like that.

After all it was babe's happiness they had planned for, Pa and she. Ma

would have to decide alone, her pale kin or the dusky How could she tell? Babe must be happy.

Down in the kitchen, Vivvie delivered her message. Mis' Harris was re-inforced by three other neighbor women, all crooning songs; they hushed when Vivvie came in. Jane Harris was the first to speak, as one with authority.

"You can tell Kate Benson I stay right here. Who she thinks is going to see after her? Not you. It's a disgrace, sisters, and I say it right to Vivvie, here, that a woman with a grown daughter falls out from overwork. You ought to be ashamed, child, and mend your ways, the way your Ma has slaved for you."

Vivvie said nothing, what they said mattered little. "Sis Harris," one of the other women remonstrated, "you oughtn't be so hard on the girl. It's her Ma's fault for not teachin' her, lettin' her loll around fine lady like with her Ma in the tub. I never had any too fine to put their hands in suds, but I started them early. It's a shame how this child's been raised."

Vivvie turned on them all, furious, drowning their chorused approval.

"You stop blaming her. Ma knew what she was doing. She was minding her own business like you busybodies better do."

"Well, sassy, too."

"Youngun's don't have respect."

"Mine better have."

"A girl of mine talk like that——"

"I'll talk worse than that if you blame Ma anymore," Vivvie shamed and hurt, struck back, she wanted some one else to suffer, as she did, and Ma, as Tim would suffer when she turned away from him. She had to hurt them. Slowly she said:

"Ma was shocked, you heard the doctor say it, Mrs. Harris. You wish to know how? I told her the talk that your fine daughters have been doing, because my father was white; their nasty hints and slurs. Of course the daughters repeated what they had heard their mothers say. It hurt and angered her. That is why Ma is ill up there alone."

Before the women recovered breath, the girl had turned her back upon them. Their comment followed her up the stairs.

"If it was one of my girls I'll whale the sin out of her, talking about Mis' Benson where the girl could hear."

Jane Harris spoke soberly, "It wasn't just the girls, that talked. The Lord forgive us all for a bunch of gabbing fools. Making the child's way still harder with our scoldings, and her heart sick about her Ma."

Vivvie closed the bedroom door behind her. Ma's eyes were tight shut, she crossed the floor and stared out the window into the growing twilight, gazing across the field behind the house as darkness gathered over it. She could not see, but beyond that marshy field was the river. Tim had taken her there, to teach her to swim, oh long ago, before she knew that Tim was a boy and she a girl, that Tim was black and she was white; when she was only Vivvie and Tim was only Tim. They had whipped Tim for leading her off to drown, as if Tim would ever let her be hurt!

But she was hurt, now, and Tim could not help her. She was hurting, hurting all over, with the ice that lay on her heart. No one could help her. She had even lost Ma. Thinking, thinking, of the hard bare road before her, Vivvie, threw out her hands in a vague appeal to the dark, the warm, kind dark, in a wordless prayer for the laugh and song of her own kind, for Ma to come back like Ma again, for Tim, Tim, Tim, and the round brown babies she would never see. Only lies, and fear, and more lies, with the ice growing around her heart. Oh the warm sunshine of her own kind, that could be felt even in the darkness, and she had to leave. She couldn't kill Ma. Her hands fell in helpless surrender, her head bowed with the weight of it.

"Vivvie," the voice, faint so low she scarcely heard it, "come here to Ma, babe."

It was difficult crossing the floor, Vivvie did not want to talk, she wanted only to stay by the window, staring into the growing dark, mourning. She stood by the bedside looking down at this stranger, an alien demanding obedience.

"I thought you were sleeping."

"No child, I've been waking up. Kneel by the bed so I can see you better. Your face is all over shadow."

"It is nearly dark."

"Kiss me again, Vivvie." Wondering, the girl bent her clouded face to Kate. It was not like Ma to sue for caresses. Another frozen kiss lay on Ma's lips. With both hands Ma pushed the girl's head up again.

"Look at me, Vivvie, straight at me! You've been lying!"

"Ma!" rather feeble, the protest.

"Lying," Ma repeated, accusing, "you are grieving your heart out."

"No," Vivvie denied dully, "no."

Kate Benson's voice rose in an exalted chant, "Yes, oh, yes, glory be! You've been lying to your Ma."

"No."

"The truth, Vivvie," Ma charged her sternly, "I was primin' you to lie, but not to me, babe, not to me. You're lovin' Tim."

Vivvie pulled away from Kate and drew herself erect, tall with a new dignity as she stood above her mother, "Yes, I always will. He is worth loving. I will not be ashamed."

"You had rather wash and scrub and sweat? rather be poor and fretted with a swarm of black and brown and yellow little darkies than do what I tell you? rather than be white and rich with your path easy? Answer, Vivvie."

Her path easy? Vivvie saw nothing but thorns. Must she cling to her lie? She had promised, Ma was not to be hurt again, whatever happened. "No," she said steadily, "no."

"Vivvie, I'm askin' once more. The truth, child, if it kills us both."

Moments passed in silence, then, "Vivvie, mind your Ma."

The sobs came, dry and hard, "Yes, Ma. I lied, I tried to lie! The more I think white the better I love black. Oh Ma, I had rather a thousand times! How can I leave my own? How stop being what I know I am?" Dropping to the floor she buried her face in the quilts. "Oh Ma, Ma, let me stay, those others aren't my kind, not my people, they don't want me, I don't want them. I only want, Tim, and you, and my own, only want to stay where I belong. Let me stay, let me stay!"

Ma's long arms tightened round the trembling shoulders. "Sure, honey, you're stayin' right here."

Tears came, warm tears. Ma mingled hers with Vivvie's. They washed away the glacier that had risen in Vivvie's heart, that divided her from Ma. "Guess," Ma said slowly, "I haven't broke that promise to your Pa. That dusk seems deepenin' down where it can't be seen."

Vivvie was pressing kisses, soft and fragrant against Ma's cheeks. Forgotten doctor's orders, the growing darkness. She could no longer see Ma. It was enough to know Ma, the real Ma, was there. That she could tell her everything, how she loved Tim and the sparkle of his eye.

The door opened noiselessly. Behind Mrs. Harris and the lighted lamp she carried came the sound of singing, hymning voices from downstairs. Kate Benson greeted her neighbor with a broad grin. "Thought I ordered you all home." Vivvie gained her feet, stood dewy faced in the soft lamplight.

"We decided we could stay with you a spell. You sure are getting well in a hurry. Declare you don't look sick a bit."

"Who said I was? That Doctor? What's he know about black folks insides? Just soldierin' on you Mis' Harris. Pull that shade, and set a chair for Mis' Harris," Kate commanded, complaining fondly. "This girl don't know the first thing about a house, Mis' Harris. Soon as I rise

from here she's going through a course of sprouts. She thinks she wants to marry Tim when she's out of school. Babe is goin' back home."

Jane Harris looked puzzled, "Back home?" she echoed.

"I chose outside the lines, but Vivvie here, wants to bring the color back."

Mrs. Harris fidgeted in her chair, then blurted, "See here, Kate, that youngun' of yours let out something, said you was upset by gossip over that choosin' of yours."

"Go long, Harris. Ain't I been colored too long to let colored talk worry me? Vivvie, go down, tell those sisters they needn't be selfish with their tunes; bring that meetin' sound up here."

Jane Harris wondered why Ma whispered, "Glory, glory. My babe's come home to stay."

Negro Tourists and Cuba

By GUSTAVO E. URRUTIA

Translated by LANGSTON HUGHES

THE CRISIS is one of the most important Negro magazines in the United States. Founded and directed by the famous editor, sociologist and publicist, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, it is today the organ of the powerful National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It is published, according to its own declaration, "for Negroes who believe that they are going to find their place in the world through brains and character. It is written for white people who believe that without character and brains no place, however hardly won, can long be held by any people."

Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune is a noted Negro educator whose fame has begun to spread beyond the borders of the United States. Her history and her work have much in common with those of Booker T. Washington. In a national evaluation she has just been included as one of the fifty most worthwhile women in her country.

Mrs. Bethune has written me an open letter in the December issue of THE CRISIS . . . .

As may be seen, this is a past incident, but one which has not lost its timeliness, nor its interest. It will continue to be timely as long as there are Negro tourists inclined to visit us, and as long as they are exposed to suffer embarrassments such as Mrs. Bethune met with, and such as those described by Mr. William Pickens in his forceful open letter to the Secretary of State of the United States, which we published at the beginning of September; and as all tourists spend money here, interest in their visiting us cannot be denied.

But there are higher interests, also, in the matter—if that figure can be used in these days of many-sided penury—interest in the social, political, and economic problems which palpitate beneath the skin of these happenings; and the subjective interest which is awakened in us, according to whether the observer be a Cuban or an American.

In the December CRISIS *we published a letter from Mrs. Mary M. Bethune, former President of the National Association of Colored Women, and President of the Bethune-Cookman College at Daytona, Florida. Mrs. Bethune is one of the best known colored women in the United States and her letter was addressed to Señor Gustavo E. Urrutia.*

Señor Urrutia is the editor of a Sunday page devoted to Negro interests in the "Diario de la Marina," the oldest of the Cuban daily newspapers. Mr. Urrutia is a writer and publicist of recognized ability in Latin America. He has done much to introduce Negro writers and artists of our country to Spanish-speaking readers, and more than once he has devoted his Sunday editorials to the problems of Negro tourists and their difficulties at the port of Havana. Mr. Urrutia's articles are distinguished by a keen penetration, subtle irony, and deep sympathy for the world problems of the black man, for he himself is a Negro.

Mrs. Bethune complained to Señor Urrutia of the attempt to bar her from entering Cuba as a tourist on account of her color, and this Señor Urrutia's answer, published his weekly column, "Armonias," December seventeen.

Recognizing the economic perturbation existing in the United States due to the migration of a part of the black population toward those sections of their land which the incidental happenings of the Great War made more attractive, it would not be absurd to think that the government at Washington manoeuvers to discourage Negro travel in these countries which are under its influence, for from such travel information might be brought back which would bring about an exodus of black workers in search of better living conditions and relief from racial pressure. This pressure is a handicap peculiar to the Negro, and it has a great influence on his conduct. Their government knows that it must find a national solution for the problem of the unemployed, and it needs to conserve its reserve workers, even at the cost of their suffering a transitory sacrifice. It would not be strange either if Cuba and other American countries, beginning to protect their own workers, were to lend themselves toward preventing possible future immigration, at the same time agreeing with the restrictive suggestions of the United States in so far as they did not contradict their own laws or ideals.

It is possible that international politics may be at the root of these painful incidents and the key to the mystery, which so concerns Mrs. Bethune, in the conduct of our immigration authorities, in spite of, "the fine setting of (y)our beautiful city and the wonderful spirit of the Cuban people." I deny that it is easy to confuse tourists with undesirable immigrants, but one might suspect that there is some connivance at discouraging *Negro* tourists who, in the long run, might reveal this paradise to their downtrodden brothers.

It causes grief and resentment to see the tourists of color held back while others are well received, and one feels humiliated as a Cuban to think that these injustices can be committed, by suggestion of outsiders, under cover of our laws, which provide for equality. For this reason, in company with Colonel Lino D'ou, I obtained in writing from the Cuban Department of State, an explicit official statement, which some time ago I sent to the N. A. A. C. P., wherein it was affirmed that in Cuba there are no laws that prohibit or hinder the admission of Negro tourists.

Is this decisive statement enough to

solve the problem? For the Cubans, yes. For the Americans, no. The Cuban knows now that he can prosecute in the courts any immigration official who is delinquent, as in these cases, and cause him to be punished; he feels himself backed up by the law against the embarrassments which this conduct implies for all who are not white, and for the whites, too, wherever there is an injustice. However, I cannot succeed in feeling so optimistic as the courageous Mrs. Bethune when she tells me that she does not allow herself to be embarrassed by individuals or by governments. The embarrassment—I think—is that we are subjected to illegal and humiliating treatment which does not cease to exist because we protest against it then or afterwards with all our energy.

On his side, the American has within reach, to clarify and solve this problem which so affects his prestige, the channels of diplomacy, the powerful action of his own Department of State which, by its attitude as much as by its declarations, can carry some sort of assurance to its citizens. However, we Cubans do not know but that the Hon. Mr. Stimson, Secretary of State of the United States, may have answered the letter of Mr. William Pickens not with an explicit official statement, but, rather, with some indirect allusion to the whole matter. Nevertheless, I believe that there still remains another recourse: that when the esteemed "well-trained, right-thinking Negroes" of their country come to Cuba, if unfortunately they are annoyed also, they can demand here immediate protection from their American Embassy, where our laws are well known. I am sorry I myself am in no position to say whether or not they will obtain such protection, but in any case we would know where to turn in regard to the American aspect of the problem.

Now Mrs. Bethune, the admirable educator of Daytona Beach, knows what I think of the whole matter, and I hope it will be pleasing to her.

A Presbyterian Elder

By HATTIE M. WOLFE

The first colored woman to become an elder in the Presbyterian Church is Mrs. Hattie M. Wolfe. This is her simple autobiography.

I WAS born in Jonesboro, Tennessee. I am the product of a Mission School and learned early in life that "He who serves his Maker best, serves humanity well". I am a graduate of Morristown College — Morristown Tennessee,—a school established for the training of Negro youth just at the close of the Civil war, and standing today as one of the pioneer schools in the training of men and women for Christian service. There never was a day that we did not have a Bible lesson, and we progressed in its knowledge as we did in our other studies.

My husband was the first graduate, 1885, and I finished at a later date. He went to Lincoln University, Pa., and took a higher course and then returned to Tennessee. Some few years later we were married. We taught 18 years in the Public Schools of Johnson City, Tennessee. We turned out 44 graduates—11 of whom were sent to Lincoln University. We carried the training of our Mission School into our Public School career; the Bible was taught daily and a large number of the graduates took to the Ministry and missionary work. One became Bishop of the A. M. E. Zion denomination.

At the close of the 18 years in the educational work, my husband saw the great need of an educated ministry so he went back to Lincoln University taking me with him and seven children, while he was taking his course there. He was one of the instructors in the College there and I taught the first separate colored division of the Public School.

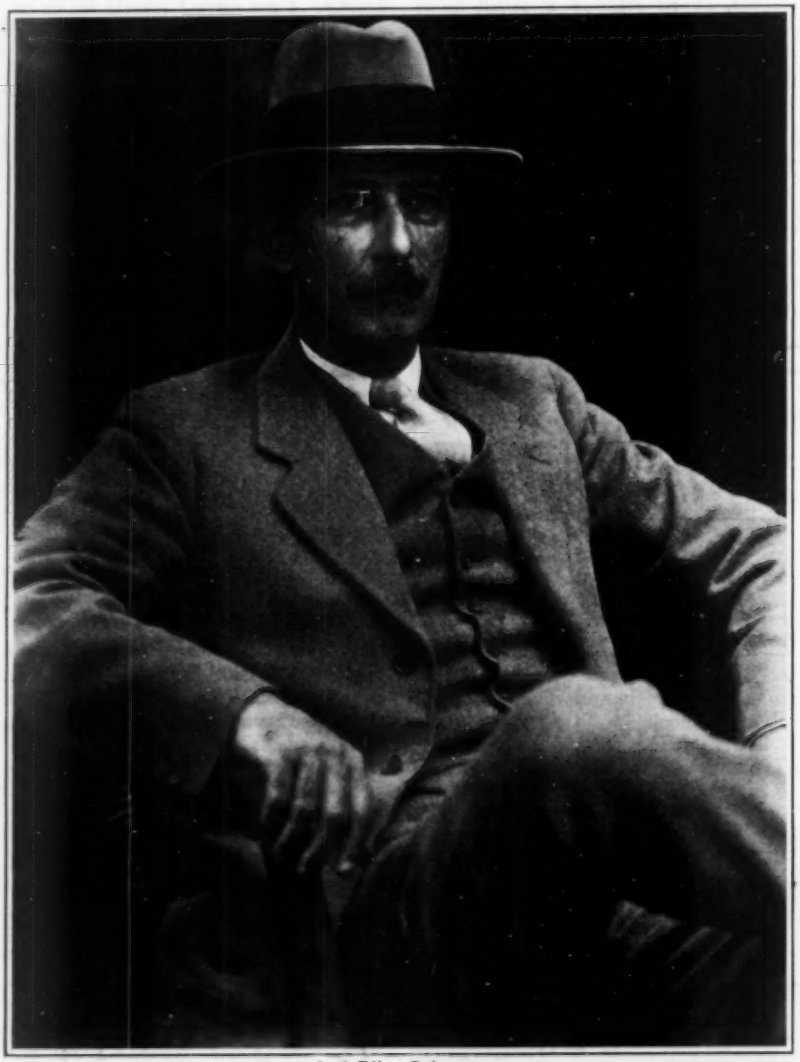
After having finished his course in Theology we were sent down here in Kentucky to take charge of the Bowling Green Academy under the National Board of Missions. We have served here for twenty years, still making the Bible our foundation stone. I have been teaching ever since I was 16 years old and have taught for the most part very continuously and am still teaching. Aside from my regular school work, I teach a Bible course conducted each year by the State Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. For four years our school has won prizes. The first year, second prize; and the remaining three years first prizes. Last April we won two, one for boys and one for girls,—A silver cup and a Bible.

Elder Wolfe

I was Secretary of the colored division of Red Cross, during the World War. I wrote 17 poems, the sale of which went to that fund. I am Chairman of the Red Cross Drive and have charge of some of the local charity work among our group. I am the mother of ten living children, a minister's wife, an Elder in the Presbyterian Church U. S. A., official delegate to the State Inter-racial Conference appointed by the Governor.

I never saw the day when there was nothing for me to do. I never was lonesome in my life. I've always tried to perform my duty since I've been Elder. I am really kept quite busy. Our Church is a "Manless Church" so far as activity is concerned. Only three men belong and one of them aged, the other two seldom ever attend. This accounts for my being ordained. I enjoy the work and am trying to fulfill every requirement of my Eldership. I've always felt that Life is earnest.

ALONG THE COLOR LINE



Joel Elias Spingarn
Second National President of the N. A. A. C. P.
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EUROPE

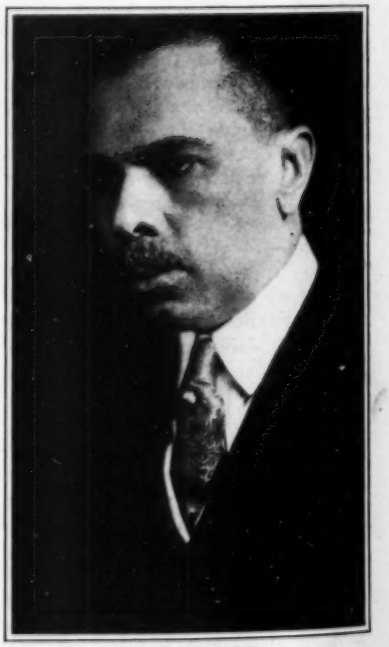
¶ The Portuguese correspondent of the London *African World* says concerning Portuguese colonies:

The democratic policy that has ever characterized the Portuguese Dominion overseas, allows all possible chances to all living there, without distinction of color or religion, to develop their education and rise to the level of those who have come from the mother country. Not seldom we see in Portuguese Africa, natives who occupy some of the highest positions, well respected and treated just as any European occupying equivalent positions. Also we often find in Portugal African natives and their descendants in high position, not only in the Civil Service but in private enterprises, literature, medicine, law, etc. They are all Portuguese citizens and entitled to equal rights when equally prepared to use them. "In fact," I heard from a well-known Portuguese statesman, "Portugal has no Colonies, and since the first attempts at overseas expansion were achieved, there cannot be found any traces of plans regarding colonies, but only the desire, realized in great part today, of opening new countries for the expansion of the race, their civilization and humanitarian principles, creating thus, new Portuguese provinces and connected with those in Europe."

¶ The *African World* of London, under its new editor, states openly and shamelessly, that it agrees with the white people of East Africa that the British Empire is primarily concerned with the interests of British subjects of British race. Only after their interests are attended to is any interest to be manifested in "other British subjects, protected races, and the Nationals of other countries, in this order"!

¶ The International Colonial Exhibition, which will open in Paris in April, 1931, is being rapidly prepared for. It will be held in the Bois de Vincennes in the outskirts of Paris. The main building is a permanent Colonial Museum with the largest bas-relief in the world. Opposite is the City of Information, where all the Colonial Departments of the various governments will be housed. Inside the enclosure will be the pavilions of the French Colonies with a copy of the Buddhist Temple of Angkor Vat of Indo-China. Five foreign countries will have pavilions.

¶ One of the greatest and best arranged exhibitions of African art is now being held in Brussels, at the Palais des Beaux-Art. There are more than 800 pieces of African art, consisting of sculpture and paintings. The



James Weldon Johnson
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Judge C. C. Toney
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artists show genius for characterization and inherent talent. They uphold the great estimate put on this art by Picasso, Vlaminck, and Derain.

¶ Josephine Baker has renewed her popularity in Paris, although little is said about it in American papers. Four years ago she starred at the Follies Bergere; for two seasons ran a well-known night club and signed contracts for the movies. Then her vogue declined and she left Paris. Without doubt during her retirement, she worked hard; she learned to speak French; to sing little songs, and studied dramatic art. As a result, she is at the Casino de Paris this fall and is the rage. She dances better than ever.

¶ The President of the Aborigines Protection Society of Great Britain, formerly the Anti-slavery Society, has addressed a letter to a number of persons in the United States asking their co-operation in a movement against slavery throughout the world. They especially appealed to those who met and heard Sir John Simon and Lady Simon during their trip to the United States. British women are moving against the slavery and subjection of women in British Colonies.

¶ The British Boy Scouts are trying to form some sort of alliance with the Boy Scouts of the Union of South Africa. The South African organization made four demands as the basis of union: (1) No control by British headquarters, (2) No equality with natives, (3) No British flag, and (4) No oath of allegiance to the King. The British Boy Scouts immediately accepted the first two specifications but are haggling over the last two.

¶ One of the curious ramifications of race prejudice is shown by the suppression in America of practically all mention of Al. Brown who is regarded in Europe as the bantam weight boxing champion of the world. Al. Brown who is an American Negro from Panama, recently defeated Eugene Huat of France in a fifteen round battle at the Velodrome d'Hiver, Paris. His victory was described as "a magnificent exhibition of boxing". Brown is to fight a Spanish champion at Barcelona next October. Teddy Baldock, the British boxer wishes to meet Brown but colored boxers are not allowed to fight in Great Britain. Len Johnson, a colored British subject who was considered the best of his class retired recently in Great Britain because he was barred from fighting in any but the smaller clubs. These are the facts, but in the United States Al. Brown's name is never heard.

Walter White
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AMERICA

¶ The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Charles E. Mitchell of Institute, West Virginia as Minister Resident and Consul-General to Liberia.

¶ Since the merging of the Congregational and Christian churches, there are 32,000 Negro members included.

¶ Heywood Broun has written a beautiful tribute to Wesley Hill, who was recently killed in New York City. Hill played the part of the angel Gabriel in "The Green Pastures".

"To me heaven seems a much more attractive place ever since I saw 'The Green Pastures' and Wesley Hill. Very few writers have been able to present an acceptable abode for the blessed. Any fool can do a hell.

The trouble with heaven in literature is that the fabricator practically always leaves humor out of it. There's too much jasper and not enough jokes. . . .

¶ After all these years, the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools has at last recognized a few Negro Institutions. Full recognition was accorded Fisk University and six other schools were put in Class B. They include Johnson C. Smith, Morehouse and Spelman Colleges, Talladega, Virginia State College, and Virginia Union University. Notwithstanding this recognition, none of these colleges can join the Southern Association or have any voice in its proceedings.

¶ Roland Hayes' seventh tour in the United States is bringing him plaudits from all points of the country. The New York *Times* says:

"To hear him frequently one has the opportunity to recognize new facts to his art and depths to his artistry. If one accept the test said to be applied by Fritz Kreisler that a significant artist must thrill the hearer, or if one accept Felix Weingartner's dictum that a true artist makes the hearer say to himself 'that is how I should like to interpret,' the remarkable Negro tenor is secure in his niche. By these or any other touch-tones he made his hearers feel once more the sincerity and greatness of his message."

¶ The Office of Education, Department of the Interior, has appointed a national advisory committee on Negroes. The Committee will act under Commissioner W. J. Cooper and Dr. Ambrose Caliver, specialist on Negro education. The Committee consists of four white persons and fifteen leading colored educators.

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Dr. P. O'Connell *page 58*

Miss A. M. Emanuel *page 57*

Congressman Crampton

Dr. I. G. Penn

¶ The United States Department of the Interior, Office of Education, has sent out a new Bulletin of land grant colleges for the year ending June 30, 1929. There are listed 17 land grant colleges employing in full time, colored workers, 147 men and 642 women. There are 1740 male students and 2478 women students, besides 3822 High School students and 1495 in the elementary grades. The income of these 17 institutions is as follows: from the United States government, $339,313; from State Funds, $2,689,683; from students $1,033,104.

¶ The late Irvine Garland Penn was one of the best known Negroes in the United States. He was born in Virginia in 1867, educated in Lynchburg and became principal of a public school at the age of 19. He was married at the age of 22 and had 7 children all of whom but one survive him. Dr. Penn became prominent first through being made National Commissioner of Negro Exhibition at the Atlanta Exposition. Through him Booker T. Washington was asked to speak and made the speech which gained him world-wide fame. From 1897 until 1912 Dr. Penn was Assistant General Secretary of the Epworth League of the M. E. Church. In 1912 he was elected corresponding Secretary of the M. E. Board of Education for Negroes and held this position until 1925, when he became Secretary of Endowments and Field activities in the same Department. He was a trustee of many educational institutions and a member of the Joint Commission on Unification of the M. E. Church. He was Senior member of the General Conference in point of service, having been elected to that body for ten quadrenniums. Mrs. Penn died in June, and Dr. Penn, July 22nd. They had been married 41 years.

¶ Louis C. Crampton is a Representative in Congress from the 7th District of Michigan. He is a member of the Committee on Appropriations, and Chairman of an important sub-committee. At the last election he was defeated. His loss will be severely felt by colored people because for many years he has made himself the champion of appropriations for Howard University. He writes THE CRISIS:

"You are correct in your understanding that I have felt a particular interest in the development of Howard University. It is the desire of our Committee that the Government cooperate with other interests in so developing Howard University as to make it one of the great universities of the country. So far as I am concerned, I recognize the development of the Negro race as one of the great problems before our Nation. Education must play its part in the development of the Negro race as it must of every race. Howard University should be made a great university and give opportunity for the Negro boy and girl to acquire an excellent university education. I have no doubt the progress of the race will in years to come be materially affected by the leadership thus afforded in the professions and otherwise. I appreciate greatly the interest that is being taken in the development of the University by the General Education Board, by the Rosenwald Foundation, and others. I consider that the progress the Institution has made in the last fifty years is greatly to the credit of the Negro race, and I anticipate that the race will have great reason to feel proud of the future progress of the Institution and the service rendered the race and the Nation by its alumni."

N. A. A. C. P. Prize Babies

John L. Pierson
2nd Prize
Newton, Kansas

Winston A. Taylor
3rd Prize
Newton, Kansas

LeRoy Walker
1st Prize
Bakersfield, Calif.

Marguerite Z. Ross
1st Prize
Newtoun, Kansas

Recently through Mr. Crampton, an appropriation bill of $1,160,000 was increased by an additional $400,000 which is the first appropriation towards an $800,000 library. The bill passed the House after some debate in which Congressman DePriest took part.

¶ A prominent white Southerner has recently been touring in Alabama. He writes as follows:

"Late in the evening about six miles from Selma our gasoline gave out, and while waiting for supplies I had a good talk with an intelligent colored man whose car had kindly been put at our service to bring us relief. I enjoyed a lesson in Economics. This man paid $4 rent per acre for 75 acres of land. I found out that this land was assessed for taxation at $6 an acre and that the actual tax paid by the owner was 14 cents an acre. I heard that the land was thought to be worth something like $100 per acre. This instance touches what is, I have long believed, by far the most important economic problem in the South and of course it is not confined to the South."

¶ Nathan R. Margold, former Associate United States Attorney in New York City, and legal advisor on Indian affairs of the Institute of Government Research, is directing a legal inquiry to safeguard the full civil rights of American Negroes. This campaign is in charge of the N. A. A. C. P. and is financed by an appropriation made by American Fund for Public Service, known as the Garland Fund. The design is to cover the matter of Disfranchisement, Educational Appropriation, Denial of equal service on railways and busses and other discriminations. Mr. Margold is a graduate of the Harvard Law School where he afterward taught and then served as special counsel of the New York Transit Commission in the Interborough Fare litigation. He is a young white man who will carry on the campaign under the supervision of a National Legal Committee of the N. A. A. C. P. composed of white and colored members.

¶ The lynching record for 1930 has been as follows:

Twenty-five persons have been lynched, of whom 24 were Negroes, in the following states:

Georgia	7	South Carolina	2
Alabama	4	Indiana	2
Texas	4	Florida, North Carolina and Oklahoma, each	1
Mississippi	3		

The offenses alleged were:

Murder	8
Attacks on women	7
Shooting and Quarreling with white men	3
Robbery	2

And 1 each for the following offenses:

"Bombing a house"; "Testifying against a white man"; "Acting in politics"; "Not stopping automobile when ordered"; and "offense unknown".

Of those lynched: 12 were shot, 5 were hanged, 4 hanged and shot, 3 beaten to death and 1 burned.

Over twice as many Negroes were lynched in 1930 as in 1929, and more than in any year since 1926.

THE EAST

¶ James Miller, the first Negro graduate in music from the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh is giving recitals which are receiving high praise. He has been recommended for a scholarship to enable him to study in Berlin.

Nathan R. Margold

¶ Henry W. Porter, who has been for twenty years secretary of the colored Y. M. C. A. in Philadelphia has resigned to become pastor of a church in Chicago.

¶ The Annual Art Exhibit of the Harmon Foundation is being held at 65 East 56th Street, February 16 to February 28. A gold medal and $400 honorarium will be awarded and an exhibit prize of $250.

¶ A successful student recital was given by senior students of the Master Institute of Roerich Museum in New York City. Among them was the talented colored pianist, Gareth Anderson.

¶ The playground centers for colored children in Philadelphia, Baltimore and some other cities, are undergoing a hard fight. The city authorities discriminate in grounds, salaries and supervision, and are determined, so far as possible, to keep colored workers from over-initiative, preferring to make them assistants to white workers, who are often inferiors in education, ability and experience. Clarence J. Grinnell, Principal of the Recreation Center at 10th and Lombard Street, Philadelphia, has resigned because of this discrimination.

¶ Augusta M. Emanuel recently received her degree of Master of Arts from Columbia University for work done there and at the Sorbonne, Paris. She was a member of the Groupe Columbia which sailed from New York last January for a Mediterranean cruise and six months study at the Sorbonne. The group visited Northern Africa, Southern France and Madagascar. Miss Emanuel received her Bachelor degree from Syracuse, Magna cum Laude, and was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa. She is now teaching Romance languages at Wiley College, Texas. She is the daughter of the late Dr. J. Emanuel of New York City.

¶ Judge Charles E. Toney, Magistrate in the 10th Judicial District of New York City, was born in Alabama in 1878 on a plantation. Beginning in 1892, he went to school for two years in Florence, and the next year entered the public schools of Hornell, New York State. He was graduated from the High School in 1898, and entered Syracuse University that Fall. Here he received the degree of Ph. B. in 1902, and LL. B. in 1904. While in the public schools he lived with a dentist and learned enough of mechanical dentistry to help pay his way through college. In 1906 he came to New York and began the practice of law.

¶ Judge James S. Watson, Magistrate in the 10th Judicial District of New York City, was born in Jamaica, British West Indies, in 1882 and educated there. He came to the United States in 1905 and took courses in law at the night school of the City College in 1910-1913. He was admitted to the Bar in 1914 and became associated with the firm of House, Grossman and Vorhaus, where he specialized in Corporation Law and Income Tax matters. In 1922 he was appointed Special Counsel to the Corporation Counsel of the City of New York and assigned to the tax division of that office. Here he handled special franchise tax matters, certiorari proceedings, preparation of briefs and memoranda of law, and assisted in the trial proceedings for the City of New York. He is married and has four children.

THE BORDER STATES

¶ Francis M. Wood, Director of the colored schools of Baltimore has finished five years of service. He was the recipient of a testimonial recently

in which the school officials gave him credit for great improvement in the colored school system.

¶ We have already noted the death of Dr. Pezavia O'Connell, head of the Department of History at Morgan College. His funeral services were held in Baltimore and conducted without preaching. Representatives of the College, students and citizens took part. Dr. O'Connell was a noted orator and his magnificent voice has been heard all over the United States.

¶ The three colored banks of Richmond have merged into a larger stronger institution. They consist of St. Luke Bank and Trust Company, the Second Street Penny Savings Bank and the Commercial Bank and Trust Company. They have all united into the Consolidated Bank and Trust Company of Richmond.

¶ The *Herald and Commonwealth,* a colored paper of Baltimore, Md., says that Maryland has appropriated fully two million dollars for white colleges in 1931 while the Negroes, who are one-sixth of the population of the state, will receive only $22,000.

¶ Frederick Stubbs of Wilmington, Delaware, was one of the ten men in the senior class of the Harvard Medical School to be elected to the honor society, the Alpha Omega Alpha.

¶ The Christmas number of the *Nashville Globe,* a colored paper of Tennessee, consists of eight sections and sixty pages. There are eight pages of general news, eight pages of special write-ups, eight pages dealing with institutions and organizations, eight pages devoted to national institutions, eight pages of business announcements, eight pages devoted to women, and eight pages of Christmas news. In addition to this there are eight pages of roto-gravure and society notes. It is an enormous and creditable edition.

THE FAR SOUTH

¶ The Hale School, a brick structure with 10 class rooms, formerly used by the whites, has been turned over to the colored people as a "new" colored school at Birmingham, Alabama.

¶ The difficulty which Negroes have in getting an education in the South is illustrated by Bibb County Colored Training School, in Alabama. This school was once a private academy, but, as has been the case with many private schools, it has given itself to the county and become a County Training School. There are thirty-odd boarders living four in a room in several old buildings. Most of these "boarders" get their own meals, and either bring or have supplies sent them week-ends from home. It is a brave as well as pathetic situation.

THE MIDDLE WEST

¶ At Northwestern University, a Human Relations parley was held December 5 and 6 dealing with "Culture, Contacts and Contributions in American Civilization". Among the speakers were Dr. Edward A. Steiner, Rabbi Felix O. Levy, Dr. Abram L. Harris, the colored Professor from Howard University, and others. The Saturday noon Forum was especially important with the two speakers Dr. Harris and Rabbi Goldman.

¶ Miss Dorothy L. Sims has given a creditable recital of original compositions at the College of Fine Arts at the University of Wichita, Kansas. The local white paper calls the concert "pleasing, and interesting". Miss Sims is a graduate of the University.

¶ The only way to defeat Arthur R. Johnston, colored Mayor of the village of Miles Heights, just outside of the city of Cleveland seems to be to annex Miles Heights to the city. There are some 450 colored families in the city and a large number of white families. The village is in good financial condition and has paved and improved many streets since Mayor Johnston's five terms of service.

FAR WEST

¶ Dallas, Texas, has raised $50,000 in cash for a colored Y. M. C. A. There was one donation of $2,500, another of $1,200, and another of $1,050. Colored Dallas also oversubscribed its quota for the community chest.

¶ A $9,000,000 bond issue has failed of adoption in Oklahoma City largely because the Negroes voted against it. Out of the many millions of bonds issued by the city, for which the Negro is taxed equally with the whties, almost nothing has been spent for the Negro. New schools, parks, playgrounds, swimming pools and zoos have been provided for the whites.

¶ Cyril Kay-Scott, Director of the Denver Art Museum is voicing a wide-spread criticism of the Harmon Art exhibit which has been traveling over the country. He finds neither an attempt to develop ancient African art or any new forms but almost purely the copying of the modern art of Paris and America done by Negroes. Some of this work is pretty well done, but it is not distinctive, and the Director says that Negro artists are missing a great opportunity.

ASIA

¶ Indian papers report some unpleasant incidents in the social adventures of their delegations in London. On October 25th there was an aeronautic demonstration in Croyden for the Imperial Conference Delegates. Elaborate arrangements were made, but when the Indians arrived there was no food, no rooms, and no reception line. Most of the Conferees returned early and disgusted.

¶ For the first time in the history of the Philippine Islands the City Council of Manila, by unanimous vote, has enacted a law against race discrimination. During 300 years of Spanish rule this was not necessary, but racial discrimination came with the American Army. Some time since, Representative Brones, majority floor leader of the House of Representatives was denied admission, on account of color, to a fashionable apartment house, owned by Americans, on the Dewey Seashore Boulevard. The action was denounced in the Legislature and an ordinance was passed by the city making it unlawful for the owner or management of any public establishment to deny admission to any person by reason of race. The penalty is fine or imprisonment.

AFRICA

¶ The journal, *West Africa,* published in London, has a page of pictures of the Girls' Vocational School conducted by Mrs. Casely Hayford in Freetown, Sierra Leone. The girls are pictured as weaving, studying science, bandaging, reading literature and at play. The school is supported chiefly by money from America.

¶ A new bureau for labor legislation has been founded in Egypt. An attempt will be made to enforce some of the old laws which have been a dead letter, and to enact new ones.

¶ The Egyptian Council of Ministers has awarded a contract for heightening the Assuan Dam on the Nile at a cost of $10,500,000.

¶ Some of the great writers of the world have written stories about Africa. They include Olive Schreiner, Sir Harry Johnston, H. G. Wells, Rider Haggard, A. E. W. Mason and Ethelreda Lewis.

¶ The depression in trade is bearing heavily upon the black cocoa-raising farmers of the Gold Coast and there has been much discussion in London and Africa concerning the price. In 1927, cocoa was sold for $300 a ton. Today, it is selling for $125.

Here are more figures about cocoa: Raw cocoa costs 5c a pound and sugar 3c a pound. When they are put together to make chocolates, they cost in England from 42c to $1.25 a pound.

¶ Miss Rebecca C. Cassell, daughter of the late President of Liberia College has been studying for three years in France and Italy.

¶ The first election in Freetown, Sierra Leone, in which women voters participated, took place November 1.

¶ Dr. Bankole-Bright, a black leader of Sierra Leone, has had to go all the way to London in order to get a rehearing in a civil case. While his case was being tried in Freetown, the police raided his house searching for arms which they did not find.

¶ President Charles D. B. King and Vice President Allen Yancey have resigned their offices in Liberia. Secretary of State, Edwin J. Barkley, has succeeded to the presidency.

¶ Miss R. Adeniyi-Jones, eldest daughter of the first member of the legislative council of the Gold Coast, from Lagos, British West Africa, has been married to H. A. Doherty in Lagos. Mr. Doherty is a son of the merchant who died recently in British West Africa, leaving a large fortune.

¶ The 100th Anniversary of the settlement of the Egba people in Abeokuta, Southern Nigeria, has been celebrated. The Egbas are the Southern branch of the Yoruba peoples. Their ruler is the Alake, who is at present Ademola II. The Egbas are under the sovereignty of Great Britain but have some autonomy. In the celebration the Alake wore a crown of solid gold of beautiful workmanship, with a gold chain about his neck and heavy gold bracelets. His robes were silk embroidered with gold and he rode to the various ceremonies in a Rolls-Royce car. During the ceremonies, a Cenotaph, in honor of the black soldiers of the world war, was unveiled. During the celebration, messages were exchanged between the Alake and King George.

¶ The Governor of Nyasaland has been assuring the natives of their security by promising that no more land in the Blantyre District will be alienated to Europeans without consultation with the Chiefs. He wishes to see the Chiefs and head men share in government and is also anxious to give education to those who wish for it, and is considering a school for training technical workers. After his speech, he was thanked by a native councilor, Joseph Bismark.

¶ One of the difficulties of English Missionary Enterprise in Africa is illustrated in Uganda. The people of Uganda worship the great hunters and others among their ancestors who protected them from the menace of beasts or from disease or other calamities. These men became heroes after death and little shrines are set up in their honor where gifts are placed to keep away evil spirits. A mission teacher has complained bitterly of the Commissioner at Kigeki, Uganda, because he would not allow these "devil huts" in his territory to be burned. But after all, the spirit of one's ancestors need not necessarily be a devil.

¶ By rail and water, the journey from Cape-to-Cairo can now be done in 47 days. The length is 7,400 miles and the cost of travel, second-class, is $450.

The route is as follows:

		Kilometers.
Capetown-Bukama	train	4,186
Bukama-Kongolo	steamer	640
Kongolo-Kindu	train	355
Kindu-Ponthierville	steamer	320
Ponthierville-Stanleyville	train	125
Stanleyville-Bumba-Aket	steamer	615
Aketi-Guma	train	40
Guma-Faradja-Aba-Rejaf	motor-car	1,058
Rejaf-Khartoum	steamer	1,760
Khartoum-Wady-Halfa	train	1,520
Wady-Halfa-Shellal	steamer	340
Shellal-Cairo	train	890
		11,849

Laying the Cornerstone of St. Felicitas African Orthodox Church, Nassau, Bahamas Islands

WEST INDIES

¶ In Georgetown, British Guina there are nine Roman Catholic schools, eight Anglican, four Scotch Presbyterian, four Congregational, and three Wesleyan Methodist schools. Recently a Government grant for educational purposes to the Ursuline Catholic Convent which conducts a school for women was withdrawn because the convent refused to admit Negro students.

¶ The cornerstone of a new church at Nassau, in the Bahama Islands was recently laid by the Rector and Vestry of St. Felicitas African Orthodox Church.

The Native Crisis in East and South Africa

By LORD OLIVIER

WE are approaching rather interesting developments here in regard to the race question in Africa. The representatives of Africander ideas in East Africa do not like the Labor Party's Memorandum on African native policy. They have been courting General Hertzog's party in South Africa for quite a long time, and recently elicitated a letter from him expressing his sympathy with their ideas, and saying that the South African Union could not regard with unconcern any developments of native policy in Africa contradictory to their own Whereupon Sir J. Rose Innes, ex-Chief Justice of the Cape, wrote to the *Times,* observing that if the South African Government considered itself at liberty to criticise British native policy outside of the Union, they could not complain if British writers and politicians criticised the native policy of the Union—with which Hertzog is always protesting they have nothing to do. Whereupon General Hertzog, who had agreed to broadcast here on the subject of "Africa", thought it more discreet to withdraw from his contract. Rather fun! But the coming Select Committee of Parliament on British African Native Policy will be rather critical for the whole territory north of the Zambesi.

Lord Olivier, better known as Sir Sidney Olivier, was a member of the first English Labor Government. He was for many years Governor of Jamaica and is author of that excellent work "White Capital and Colored Labor".

Lord Passfield, better known as the Fabian Idealist, Sidney Webb, and at present Secretary for the Colonies in the English Labor Government, is trying to safeguard the rights of black natives in the East African British Colonies. His efforts are being furiously resisted by the white colonists and they have asked the help of the Union of South Africa.

The upshot may not be without influence on the question of South African secession. That question involves not only the position of natives within the Union, who are still supposed to be a matter of some interest to the British Government, but also to Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland which are within the ambit of Union territories. The South African policy involves political and industrial discrimination and agricultural peonage; so that in case of secession five or six million Africans, who are still at any rate nominally British subjects, would find themselves no longer even nominally or legally free, and the fat might be put in the fire rather more speedily than at present it seems inevitable, I fear, that it should some day be.

Postscript by the Editor

A few days after the above was written, Hertzog concluded to make his speech. He recognized Great Britain's right to rule its colonies according to its own methods, but he warned Great Britain that any tampering with the white man's prerogatives in East Africa was bound to cause native unrest. He said: "Africa for the next century will be a great storehouse for the supplies of Western European industries. Native paramountcy in East Africa would jeopardize the white man's rule in South Africa, which is essential if he is to retain his position and civilization there. Nothing would so alienate the white man's affection and good will towards the native as anxiety caused by the thought of domination by native rule."

The Indian delegates at the Imperial Conference are individually protesting against Hertzog's attitude.

My Memories of Vardaman

By CHARLES THOMAS BUTLER

THE recent death of James K. Vardaman, former governor of Mississippi and United States Senator, caused me retrospection. Two memories emerged from the shadows of two decades. These memories etched a fantastic portrait of a man who was catapulted into political prominence by his prejudiced utterances.

Many people have already forgotten about Vardaman. I shall always remember him, because Mississippi is my native home. Justifiable hatred and contempt causes the preservation of these memories. Occasionally, I gloat over the political ignominy that befell him. My bitterness is only a Negro's logical reaction to the oppressive policies that Vardaman zealously exhorted white southerners to perpetuate.

I was very young when I first saw Vardaman. Although many years have passed by since then, the vivid recollection of that occasion almost deludes me into believing that it occurred only last night.

With my parents and sister, I stood on the densely crowded sidewalk of a narrow street. The dull glow of an incandescent lamp revealed a striking contrast of human emotions. White people flanked the west side of the street; on the opposite side stood a compact mass of colored people. The scornful laughter and malicious jeers of the white crowd were galvanized into a tawdry symphony of southern intolerance. The Negroes replied with alternate interludes of silence and unintelligibly muttered expressions.

Along this thoroughfare would soon pass a monster torchlight parade of Vardaman and his political supporters. Impatience was beginning in the throng of waiting people. Everyone was eager to secure a glimpse of the powerful Vardaman.

Suddenly I heard faint echoes of a distant band. In a few moments the melodic whispers became clear, cadent notes of the familiar southern tune. The music caused every white person to applaud enthusiastically. The unseen band was playing "Dixie."

Then the vanguard of the procession approached with dramatic elegance. The flickering flames of upraised torches were massed into one beacon. A small squad of mounted policemen led the parade. Behind them marched a brass band. Civic and religious or-

ganizations held aloft their placards of patriotic and moral pratings. An atmosphere of pageantry was created by drill formations and colorful uniforms of fraternal orders.

A thunderous ovation greeted a thin, feebly moving column of Civil War veterans. These battered, gray clad figures struggled valiantly against senility as they attempted to mold an impressive tableau from the ashes of the Confederacy. Defiance was intimated by the glitter of medals, clanking of swords, and martial rumbling of a battered drum. But the glory of military parade could not lacquer their bitter, silent lamentation for the abolition of human slavery. White spectators were filled with maudlin sentimentality for the things that are called southern traditions. These old soldiers were the swiftly crumbling stones of their wailing wall.

The advent of Vardaman was a fascinating spectacle that revealed the quintessence of fanatical idolatry. Dressed in immaculate white clothes, Vardaman was sitting upon the elevated platform of a decorated float. To the float were hitched many yokes of oxen. Vardaman's seat resembled a great throne. Vainly conscious of his political power, Vardaman pontifically acknowledged the plaudits of his admirers. The soft breeze of southern night seemed to amplify each frenzied outburst of cheers. The shouts of wild acclamation continued to echo long after Vardaman had passed.

Although I was a child, I realized that the parade was an awesome demonstration of racial hostility. White spectators, I noticed, had applauded enthusiastically, while colored onlookers were enveloped in sullen silence. A Negro child learns very soon to interpret the nuances of southern life.

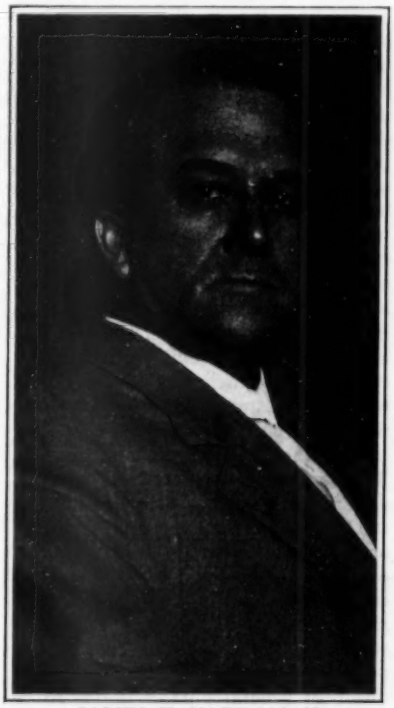
The years passed rapidly after this event, but my recollection of that white garbed figure never grew dim. Vardaman's name was venomously voiced by all colored people. Pouncing savagely upon the most trivial of racial questions, Vardaman would piously interpret them as dangerous perils to the South's sacred creed of white supremacy. He shrewdly realized that those remarks would insure his tenure of public office.

While reclining comfortably in the gubernatorial chair, Vardaman said, "As the governor of Mississippi, I will order the state militia to protect a Negro; but as a white man, I will help lynch him."

Then Vardaman was elected to the United States senate. In Washington, he acquitted himself in a manner that lowered him into the category of Ben Tillman, Cole Blease, and Tom Heflin. His thunderbolts of intolerant oratory always menaced the annual debates over appropriation of funds for Howard University.

Suddenly, Mississippi was thrown into the greatest political controversy of its history. The eyes of the entire nation were focused upon it. Woodrow Wilson had personally asked the Democratic State Committee not to endorse Vardaman's candidacy for re-election to the senate. The president's opposition to the senator from Mississippi was not a declaration of friendliness to Negroes. Wilson was a southerner.

Wilson's disapproval had been caused by one of Vardaman's unpatriotic remarks concerning the United States' participation in the war. Vardaman had said that the United States was holding Germany down on the ground so that England and France could beat her.



JAMES K. VARDAMAN

Born in Texas 1861; *died in Mississippi June* 25, 1930; *educated in the public schools; lawyer and editor; Governor of Mississippi* 1904-1908; *United States Senator,* 1918-1919.

All his life Vardaman was a professional Negro baiter and open advocate of lynching.

Alone, but still defiant, Vardaman announced his independent candidacy for re-election to the senate. Without the powerful support of Democratic confirmation, he anxiously commenced the greatest struggle of his political career. None of his prejudiced epithets could conjure away the curse of Woodrow Wilson's bitter denunciation. Prophecies of crushing defeat could be heard everywhere.

At my home there was no torchlight parade for Vardaman. Civic and religious organizations disdained affiliation with him. There were no confederate veterans to sentimentally solidify public support.

Standing near the edge of a crowded sidewalk, I gazed up at a crudely constructed platform. That would soon be the scene of Vardaman's frenzied appeal for votes. A great crowd of people had already assembled. Men and women were loudly voicing their scorn and disgust. Political opponents of Vardaman had even employed boys to engage in raucous games near the platform.

Many colored people were in the crowd. I exchanged amused smiles with some of them as the derisive cries increased in volume. We had waited many years for that.

There suddenly ensued a tense, foreboding silence of momentary duration as Vardaman made his appearance upon the platform. Then the silence was abruptly ruptured by the concerted taunts of the crowd. Groups of boys resumed their boisterous street game. Jeering and gesticulating angrily, the horde of men and women milled wildly around the wooden platform.

Haggard and weary from weeks of intense campaigning, Vardaman attempted to make himself heard. His efforts were piteously futile. His voice was drowned in the deafening turmoil of antagonistic shouts. It seemed as though fate were playing an ironic joke. Vardaman's political career was being destroyed by the same monster that built it—the fanaticism of mob prejudice.

Then the crowd gleefully pelted Vardaman with a torrent of rotten eggs. For a moment, Vardaman looked stunned. Then he slowly raised his arms to shield his face from the nauseating barrage. I will always believe that his upraised hands hid bitter tears as he stood there in that sickening stench of spattered eggs.

A few loyal friends indignantly led Vardaman down from the reeking platform. Nothing could provide solace for him, because he knew that the humiliation and disgrace would always haunt him. Realizing that his political career had been ruined forever, Vardaman stared dully down at the ground as his friends hurriedly escorted him from the scene.

Filled with wonder, I slowly walked homeward. I strolled along the same streets that once had been filled with the gala sounds of a torchlight parade. Occasionally, I paused to look up at the stars, and wonder if their merry twinkling was mockery for those flickering torches of long ago.

THE BROWSING READER

Ford Hall, Boston:

A CAREFULLY-worded resolution was presented at the May meeting to the members of the Social Union and it was unanimously voted (Mr. Coleman's friends refrained from voting at his request) that the Christian Work Committee (of which Mr. Coleman has been the head for over twenty-seven years) was to give financial support to the forum up to October 1, 1928 only, that the Trustees were to grant free use of the hall for the next season, and that the meetings were no longer to be held under the auspices of the Boston Baptist Social Union.

Within one hour of the vote, one thousand letters went out to the members of the Ford Hall Folks informing them that the forum would continue under the auspices of a committee of distinguished citizens. Sincere and high-minded religious leaders expressed their shock and grief that the Social Union should have permitted itself to be used as a catspaw by the leaders of reaction, but on the other hand, Ford Hall Forum itself looked to the Boston Baptist Social Union with gratitude for the many kindnesses of the past and with thanks for the good wishes and financial support from many of its members, for the future. For twenty years it was a ward and minor under due guardianship. It now faced its career as a free and independent grownup with confidence and vigor, determined more than ever before to practice to the utmost its preaching, "Let There Be Light."

"The Challenge of the Forum," by R. L. Lurie
R. G. BADGER, Boston.

Music of the Congo:

QUELQUES-UNS de nos meilleurs compositeurs ont pu s'en inspirer, d'heureuse manière, comme le montre le morceau du maître Jan Blockx, que nous offrons à nos lecteurs. Dans ce domaine, bien des trouvailles restent à faire. Les motifs du jazz-band, dont la prenante originalité délasse, sont inspirés des thèmes africains. N'oublions pas que la musique américaine est essentiellement d'origine nègre. Rosamond Johnson, Dett, Will Marion Cook, Burleigh sont des artistes de race nègre.

Leur exemple permet de prévoir, pour la musique congolaise, un avenir dont nos musiciens nationaux ne se peuvent désintéresser.

Negreries et Curiosités Congolaises
By GASTON DENYS PÉRIER,
Brussels

Britain and India:

THE British people, so long accustomed to self-government, are bound to sympathize with this movement, even though they may deplore some of its manifestations. We are pledged to help India along her way, and constructive effort is needed. It is the general tendency of nationalist movements to attract within their orbit people of very varied aims and methods. Until the demands of nationalism have been reasonably met, enthusiasts for various reforms make common cause with every discontented element, and attribute all the evils which they attack to the absence of self-government. In our view, the most formidable of the evils from which India is suffering have their roots in social and economic customs of long standing, which can only be remedied by the action of the Indian peoples themselves. They are much less likely to be remedied if the blame for their continuance can be put, however unreasonably, on others. We desire to see the forces of public opinion which exist in India concentrated and strengthened for the practical work of reform. It is only when the difficulties of constructive policy are really faced, that the inadequacy of general phrases begins to be realized.

Report of the Indian Statutory Commission. Vol I.

NO one of either race ought to be so foolish as to deny the greatness of the contribution which Britain has made to Indian progress. It is not racial prejudice, nor imperialistic ambition, nor commercial interest, which makes us say so plainly. It is a tremendous achievement to have brought to the Indian sub-continent and to have applied in practice the conceptions of impartial justice, of the rule of law, of respect for equal civic rights without reference to class or creed, and of a disinterested and incorruptible civil service. These are essential elements in any state which is advancing towards well-ordered self-government. In his heart, even the bitterest critic of British administration in India knows that India has owed these things mainly to Britain. But, when all this is said, it still leaves out of account the condition essential to the peaceful advance of India, and Indian statesmanship has now a great part to play. Success can only be achieved by sustained goodwill and co-operation, both between the great religious communities of India which have so constantly been in conflict, and between India and Britain. For the future of India depends on the collaboration of East and West, and each has much to learn from the other.

We have grown to understand something of the ideals which are inspiring the Indian national movement, and no man who has taken part in working the representative institutions of Britain can fail to sympathize with the desire of others to secure for their own land a similar development. But a constitution is something more than a generalization: it has to present a constructive scheme. We submit our Report in the hope that it may furnish materials and suggest a plan by means of which Indian constitutional reconstruction may be peacefully and surely promoted.

Report of the Indian Statutory Commission. Vol. II.

A Woman Pioneer:

LUCY STONE was noteworthy for many things. She was the first Massachusetts woman to take a college degree. She was "the morning star of the woman's rights movement", lecturing for it, in the ten years from 1847 to 1857, to immense audiences all up and down the country. She headed the call for the First National Woman's Rights Convention. She converted Susan B. Anthony and Julia Ward Howe. She was the first married woman to keep her own name. She organized a nation-wide association in which those suffragists could work who did not wish to have equal suffrage mixed up with free love and other extraneous questions. She founded and edited the *Woman's Journal* of Boston, which was the principal woman suffrage newspaper of the United States for almost half a century. She was a striking example of single-hearted and lifelong devotion to a great idea.

"Lucy Stone" by Alice Stone Blackwell
Little, Brown and Co., Boston.

OUR READERS SAY

AS a white reader of THE CRISIS, my attention has been called to an article appearing in the December number entitled, "White Men and a Colored Woman". There is one phase of this question which I trust the author of the article and other cultured colored women will not overlook, i.e. that the experiences which this colored woman speaks of are not experiences alone of colored women.

I think we can at once grant that the conditions as far as colored women are concerned are aggravated. With the new day opening up before women of all races and groups, women must be prepared to conquer and possess this new territory which is being opened up to them, and as this possession is taking place they must not be surprised if all the experiences of life are not pleasant.

However difficult may be the situation, it would be hard for one to demonstrate the fact that progress is not being made. The intimate relationships between the races and the sex in this new day develop many serious and perplexing problems, and unfortunately circumstances do sometimes arise which perplex a man quite as much as this author seems herself to be perplexed. The only way that I can see that conditions may be improved is by the inaugurating of an educational program stimulated by the motives and actions of those who think rightly and highly.

JUDSON J. MCKIM,
General Secretary, Y. M. C. A.,
Cincinnati.

THE experience, or series of experiences, of a colored woman in her association with white men in interracial activities, as published in the current issue of THE CRISIS, is both interesting and important.

It becomes of additional importance if, in the minds of any considerable number of persons, it helps to confuse and complicate the already complicated problem of race adjustments.

While one can sympathize with the emotions of a comparatively cloistered lady in first meeting human nature in the raw, and while it must be conceded that sex-hungry males of any race constitute an irritating element in a world trying hard to be monogamous, yet the problem, as stated, is really a problem of sex rather than of race relations.

In other words, hundreds, if not thousands, of women who have ventured forth from their own hearthstones to have a part in the world's bustle and confusion and in the larger human associations which go with such a venture, have learned that the sex-hunter is all around them and is generally a member of their own race. They have learned to expect from the most respectable and dignified and mature of their male associates frequent and pressing invitations to desert the "straight and narrow" path.

Had your correspondent, with her personal ability to appeal to men, been white rather than colored, she would, probably, have had the same shocking experiences. Her one advantage, as a white woman would have been that the male approach would have been less crude in some cases. Thus far, and only thus far, is the lady's experience related to the race question.

There would appear to be no reason why any woman, in public or semi-public life, should not be able to retain her virtue, if she so desires. But while she may expect to be free from sin, it would seem to be demanding altogether too much when she insists on being free from temptation.

K. KINGSTON,
Connecticut.

IF this is typical, then our interracial efforts are of little use. If this is not typical and only the experience of a beautiful woman, then it should never see the public eye in a magazine that I admire and read every month.

I resent this page 416 because there is nothing that proves anything worthwhile and will do a great injury to both white and colored folk. If THE CRISIS is going to print any more such stories then I want to stop my subscription. It announces that it will be glad to print more personal experiences.

I grant such experiences are quite possible—but they have nothing to do with the real "inter-racial activities" and are quite below the standards of the N. A. A. C. P. You know there are women of all races who have these experiences and always love to tell about them.

MARY E. MCDOWELL,
Chicago

THE scene opens as the Inter-racial Committee is struggling with plans to fill the largest auditorium in the city with a representative white and colored audience, to hear a famous Negro singer.

A new member, an attractive young married Negro woman, because of her ability has been put in an inner circle to make the venture a success.

The final drive is at its crest at a luncheon meeting called on a stormy winter day. As we leave the building the secretary sees that everyone is provided for except the newest member who is walking home in the rain with an apology of a tiny umbrella. He catches up with her, invites her to wait a minute in a doorway, gets his closed car and takes her home.

They talk about nothing personal on the way or as they part. She seems surprised that this would be a natural thing to do, probably because she is new on the committee.

She is educated and refined and a competitor of the author of "White Men and a Colored Woman" in attractiveness. At future meetings she tries to be near the Secretary, and finally tells him that the whole undertaking has had a great meaning in her life because she has been able to meet him. He senses the situation for the first time and is affected because she is most charming. Instinctively he answers "one of the pleasures of the hard work has been to have met you"—then both get a grip on themselves, act naturally and tide the crisis. She sees that he treats others as he had treated her whenever an occasion arises—she is probably glad of the discovery, and both forget each other in working for the common good. Without further adventures the curtain drops. . . .

Our committee of twenty-four members has functioned actively for four years, and this is the only time Cupid even peeked through the door. I think it would be a step backward to let three flashes of the beast outweigh a hundred outbringings of the gentleman, and of the tact of fine womanhood.

———— ————, Ohio.

WHEN we think of the group of southern students who composed the Hampton choir, we must think of their environment, their training and their experience. How could anyone expect boys and girls bred in the backwoods of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and other Southern states, amidst an environment of white domination and Nordic superiority, to be otherwise than the description Mr.

Dett gives them? The musician from Hampton knew that if his group dressed as "flappers" and "shieks" the message would be heralded to all of the white philanthropists who send their dollars to support his institution. He realized that if they tried to mingle freely with the "superior" white passengers on board, they would be classed as believers in "social equality". The only recourse left was to assume the demure, passive, thankful attitude and save the good name of Hampton or any other Negro school supported by Nordic dollars. So after all, Mr. Stolberg, it was a situation that had to carry a false reaction for the public's sake and a true reaction from the student's point of view. . . .

JAMES E. ALLEN,
New York.

THE election is over. Senator McCulloch has been defeated. And this has been accomplished in spite of the activities of the Dollar Republicans, with whom Negroes are unfortunately still handicapped. As the campaign proceeded and the fight of the N. A. A. C. P. became increasingly effective, these activities, beginning with indifference to the efforts which the N. A. A. C. P. was making in Ohio to retire McCulloch, progressed through ridicule of these efforts as mere futile agitation of unsatisfiable radicals, through idiotic attempts to frustrate them, to hysterical denunciation of New Yorkers coming into Ohio "to teach us how to vote."

What can be done with these Dollar Republicans? They are the most serious impediment which Negroes are forced to carry in their fight for political freedom. Their interference with, and sometimes betrayal of fundamental principles, for either immediate financial reward or promise of future lucrative positions, are responsible largely for the Negro's continuing political disabilities. In some way these Dollar Republicans must be eliminated.

They are of two kinds. There is the traditional, rock-ribbed sort. He is a Republican because his father was before him, and all the "good white people" are Republicans, or because Republican headquarters has made him so through years of substantial doles in money and more substantial dole of blah. He is the ostrich type of Republican who believes that the Republican Party "licked the South" in the Civil War and freed his forefathers, then gave Negroes jobs in Washington, and played and still plays a general messianic role for American blacks. There is no hope for him. Death alone can remove him.

But there is the other sort who knows better. Intelligent he is and frequently representative in his community, acquainted with the economics of the Civil War period and familiar with the interplay of economic and social forces today. He is frequently before the public advocating the right side of any question affecting the Negro's rights, and when a political campaign is not going on, he is right up in front in all N. A. A. C. P. agitations. For immediate or remote personal profit, however, he prostitutes himself when orders from Jim Crow headquarters demand it. This individual must be reached and converted. He is a hard sinner, it must be admitted. But there is hope for him. Once redeemed he will be valuable in every fight the Negro wages for freedom in America. Constantly hammering home to him his utterly damned condition is the only regenerative weapon. That can be done by individuals who know him. They should let him know that he is headed for social oblivion unless he mends his ways. No Negro should tolerate him. Instead of looking upon him as socially desirable and congratulating him because he hobnobs with the political bosses who establish the Jim Crow headquarters, he should be severely told what sort of a person he is. He should be let alone socially. That will certainly rid the Negro of this type of Dollar Republican.

G. A. STEWARD, Ohio.

PLEASE accept my hearty congratulations for your very excellent November Number of THE CRISIS. All the numbers are very good, but the November issue was specially interesting as it gave account of the tour of the Hampton Choir and discussed one of the most perplexing problems of West Africa, namely; West African Natives in Liverpool.

For many years I have been interested in the Kru people who have left Liberia upon the ships as workmen, landed in Liverpool and decided to settle there for a while, married white women and became heads of families. Now there are at least forty-five men from Krutown, Monrovia, domiciled in Liverpool under very precarious conditions. I have taken the time to do some personal work in Liverpool upon that very vexing problem. Many of the boys, unable to secure jobs in Liverpool for the support of their families, want to return to Liberia. The authorities will not give them permits to leave the country unless they arrange to carry their wives and children with them. To carry their families means a large expense for traveling and it is known that the attitude of the Liberians will certainly make it very unpleasant for their families when they reach their home land.

They are largely segregated in their domestic and spiritual relationships in Liverpool. I have even taken the time to attend one of the services in Liverpool held for them. They call it a Mission. I talked at length with the leader as to his purpose in segregating them in religious work? Withal, it is a trying problem for the good people of England, France, Germany and all the West African Coast.

C. C. BOONE, M.D.,
Virginia.

DEAR Georgia Compton:

I can hardly refrain from saying a word apropos of your assertions as to the "fault" of THE CRISIS,—the "hell of America", etc. And the thought that "communistic ideals are diabolical delusions." I fancy that you are a Christian and know of the first 250 years of this faith as lived by the early proponents of Jesus' idealogy! Some things about Communism today are bad enough, I admit; but nevertheless, the underlying idea is fine; it is the advocates—so many of them, with their half-baked notions, lack of education, etc., that throws us off the track, don't you think? Communism will come, eventually, the kind that Jesus taught and that he lived along with so many in those first remarkable years, before Rome took over Christianity to strengthen the bonds of empire so it might last a bit longer. Don't forget that it was the Communists in this city especially who attacked the unemployment problem when all others were ignoring it, or unknowing to it; and that problem is our severest one right now, and a future menace as well!

As to the hell of America! As a white woman who is rather more than ordinarily alive to things, perhaps—at least I am told that I am,—knowing of our lynching, the awful crime wave (we murder more people in N. Y. City in a year than all the British Isles), the robberies, graft, lawlessness like that of Chicago, my own city and hundreds of others, the political corruption, hardly to be matched in the history of modern times, at least—all this and more,—I cannot but agree with Dr. Du Bois in all he says and wish that he might say more! I thank the powers that be that we have THE CRISIS; and if I was a moneyed person I would take twenty subscriptions every year and send to different people I know, for their edification—not alone on matters relating to the Negroes, but many other matters as well. I congratulate you that you did renew, in the face of your restrictions, however. That showed an open mind and a fine spirit.

BLANCHE WATSON,
New York City.

Postscript
by W. E. B. DuBois

THE LIBERATOR

ONE hundred years ago, William Lloyd Garrison founded *The Liberator*. Many men and measures contributed to the emancipation of the Negro slave in America, but it must ever be the considered verdict of history that no one man and no one periodical did so much as William Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*. Let us then with full hearts remember not simply the evil we have suffered in America but the great Americans who have toiled and sacrificed for our uplift and the emancipation of mankind.

PRESIDENT SPINGARN

THE election of Joel E. Spingarn as second National President of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is a deserved honor. The presidency of this association is a purely honorary position, carrying only nominal duties. The executive power of the organization is vested in the Executive Secretary, the Chairman of the Board and salaried officials appointed by the Board. The presidency is, on the other hand, a recognition of distinguished character and high service rendered the cause of the Negro in America and democracy and human progress in the world. Our first president was the great lawyer and humanitarian, Moorfield Storey, unswerving champion of unpopular causes and courteous American gentleman. He served us from 1911 until his death in 1929.

The second president was born in New York City in 1875. He was educated at Harvard and Columbia, has been a teacher and a literary critic of world-wide reputation, and was a major in the A. E. F. But he is known to America as one who 20 years ago threw himself whole-souled into the work of emancipation of American Negroes. He has served as Director of the Association, Chairman of the Board and Treasurer; he is the founder and donor of the Spingarn Medal; he initiated the movement that placed 700 Negro officers in the American army during the world war, and he has given his voice and strength all over the country to the cause of the Negro. At first, Mr. Spingarn absolutely refused to have his name even considered as President, but finally in deference to the unanimous vote of the Board and the insistence of friends, he accepted the honor which he never sought. The Association is as fortunate in its second president as in its first.

VICE PRESIDENT JOHNSON

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON joined the staff of the N. A. A. C. P. fourteen years ago as Field Secretary. Mr. Johnson is primarily a poet and writer. He was born in Florida in 1871 and began life as a teacher and lawyer. He then came to New York and collaborated with his gifted brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, the composer. Seeking experience and leisure for writing, he served as United States Consul in South and Central America, 1906 to 1912, when refusal to accord him well-merited promotion, because of color, brought his resignation. Since 1916, he has thrown his energy into the N. A. A. C. P. and despite his predominant literary tastes, has made an extraordinarily successful executive. Under him, the N. A. A. C. P. has increased in influence and efficiency, in clearness of aim and precision of method.

Few people realize the strain of such work, the difficulties of judgment and procedure, the baffling human element, the cruel pressure and suspense of continuous problems, the never ending quest for funds, and the bitter relentless criticism from every source and on every occasion.

The work not only left no time for sustained literary effort but began to tell seriously on strength and health. Last year, helped by a subvention from the Rosenwald Fund, Mr. Johnson asked for a year's leave without pay. For the first time in years, he was free to write and the result was two books in 12 months, and a third on the way. Encouraged by renewed health and inspiration, Mr. Johnson felt that this was the time for him to continue writing rather than to return to executive work. His resignation was accepted with deep regret, December 29, 1930, and he was elected a member of the Board of Directors, and to the honorary position of one of our half-dozen Vice Presidents.

SECRETARY WHITE

WALTER WHITE, who succeeds Mr. Johnson as Secretary, was born in Georgia in 1893; educated at Atlanta University and joined the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in 1918. He is the author of two well-known novels and of "Rope and Faggot," a study of lynching. He was a Guggenheim Fellow in 1927. Mr. White has brought to the Association boundless energy and initiative, and assumes his heavy and responsible task with the good will of the whole membership.

ENGLISH

WE have several times noted in THE CRISIS the determined effort of the English-speaking white rulers of Africa to keep Negroes from learning English. The excuse given is the preservation of native languages and customs; but the real reason is that Great Britain does not want her more backward Africans to have access, on the one hand, to modern news and learning, and, on the other hand, she does not want them to be able to communicate with each other. Separated as the aborigines are now by hundreds of different languages and dialects, and cut off from modern knowledge and literature, they can be held in perpetual serfdom. It is unfortunate that American missionaries so easily agree with this idea, and in startling contrast with the French, who are making knowledge of French compulsory in all their African education.

FLORIDA

"WHILE in Springfield visiting relatives, I attended the 21st Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P. Listening to the wonderful work that has been accomplished through the N. A. A. C. P., I am

moved by the spirit of the meetings to make a request for my father, mother, sisters and brothers, who are now residing in Florida.

"We have 10 acres of land 12 miles from the City Hall in ——— ———, on which we are not permitted to live or even build. It is a most beautiful piece of land. Large oak trees, a few orange trees, a small lake, which I think would make a beautiful park or country club.

"Then we have one acre 5 miles from the City Hall on which we live. This too is a very pretty place. High and dry. Several orange trees, five or six large oaks, and in the city limits, four blocks from the car line.

"On this place we are not happy at all and do not know what time we will be burned out. We are afraid to leave the house alone. Also they do not want us to improve on our home. The white people won't buy us out and my father is an old man not able to work.

"Is there any way you can get us out of our present situation? Not that we dislike our home, but can't be happy there."

——— ———.

SOUTHERN SCHOOLHOUSES

BY unanimous vote, the Atlanta City Board of Education has turned over the Walker Street school property as a public school for the Negroes. And for this, some people are thankful. But the policy thus carried out is one of the most contemptible current in the South. Here are two systems of schools. The white school boards have the habit of using a school plant until it is old and out of date; until it is surrounded by slum elements, and then, appropriating new funds, they build a fine commodious schoolhouse in the better parts of the city for white children, and turn over this old plant to Negro children. There is scarcely a Southern city or town where this has not been done. In a few exceptional cases, that of the Douglas High School in Baltimore and the high school at St. Louis, this was not true. But in a great rich city like Atlanta, there has been only one new school building erected for colored pupils since the Civil War. The colored people of Atlanta have no cause to rejoice over the turning over of the Walker school.

DANGEROUS PROTEST

THE Central Georgia Annual Conference of the Colored M. E. Church recently sent forth an unusually strong protest against lynching and lawlessness. The protest, among other things, said:

Is it not time for our white statesmen to restate their attitudes and start anew in the matter of statecraft? For fully one-half century, the white rulers in our section have preached white domination, white superiority, white voting, and white office holding; and have very successfully eliminated the Negro from the polls both by veiled threats and laws that are capable of partial application. But the results have been the brutalization not only of the Negro, the intended victims, but staring you in the face are the sins of depression in the most horrible sense of the word. These sins know no color line. May we not ask that white leaders of state who put self-respect above petty office, and the love of justice above race, go forward and form such organizations that will include all men whether white or black; and let men vote not the Democratic ticket because he is white, nor that a black man vote a Republican ticket because he is a black man; nor any vote for the spoils of office, of office itself, but looking forward to preserve government through a clean ballot box? It occurs to us, that the real forward looking white man whose history in things of government with tracks marked by blood should at this very moment put liberty above color, and freedom above race; and if for no other reason, let civilization be kept intact. Every lynching, and the evils of segregation grow out of the fact that we have nullified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of our Constitution.

The Savannah *Morning News* printed the whole of this paragraph in its news section; The Macon *Telegram* printed it in the colored section; The *Atlanta Constitution* refused to print it.

HAITIAN EDUCATION

WE had just written an editorial taking Dr. Moton's Haitian Commission to task for publishing no report on the results of its inquiry in Haiti. And we were asking if this were going to be another whitewash of the Red Cross-Mississippi type. We are, therefore, more than pleased to see that the Report has finally been published, and that it seems unusually satisfactory in its content. The outstanding recommendation is that the splitting-off of an agricultural and industrial system of schools from the regular department of Haitian education was a mistake and ought to be discontinued. From a financial point of view, education in Haiti has been worse off under the American Occupation than when under Haitian control, and nearly all of the money for education has been poured into a so-called "service technique," with high-salaried white Americans, most of whom could not speak French, and a system of study which the Haitians neither understood nor sympathized with. On the other hand, the Commission rightly condemns the Haitian state in the past for neglecting the development of the education for the masses, particularly in country districts. It asks for government and philanthropic aid for Haitian education in the future.

THE WORLD TO BLACK AMERICA, 1930

DEBTOR

24 Negroes lynched
Smuts and his patient asses
Black Gold Star Mothers
White Plains
"Scarlet Sister Mary"
The Binga Bank and others
Slavery in Liberia
Professionalism in colored college football
Woofterism
Discrimination on busses
No Negro officials, city or state, appointed or elected, in the whole Southern South
The death of E. C. Williams, Archibald H. Grimké, Bishop John F. Hurst, Charles Gilpin, Ed. H. Wright, George C. Hall, the Reverend John W. Johnson, Neval Thomas, Major W. H. Jackson and Allen Washington

CREDITOR

The defeat of Judge Parker
The defeat of Senators Allen and McCulloch
The re-election of Congressman De Priest
The election of 2 colored state Senators, 14 colored state representatives, and 2 colored judges.
The 20th Birthday of THE CRISIS
Richard Harrison and the Green Pastures
Exit Blease, Heflin and Vardaman
The boycotting campaign of the Chicago *Whip*
19,000 Negro college students and 2,071 graduates
The Negro in art: Paul Robeson, Roland Hayes, Elizabeth Prophet; the Gilpin, Dixwell and Boston players; Marian Anderson and Josephine Baker
Capitalizing Negro
Books: Black Manhattan; Not Without Laughter; Paul Robeson, Negro
Hampton Song in Europe
The beginning of hands-off in Haiti
Recovery of Hotel Somerville

The Index and Title Page of Volume 37 of THE CRISIS *will be mailed to those who wish in February.*

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for this month's reading

THE BLACK WORKER
"A comprehensive survey of the Negro in organized industry," by Sterling D. Spero and Abram L. Harris (Columbia Univ. Press).

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
"A social study of Negro Life and Race Relations," by Charles S. Johnson (Henry Holt & Co.)

IN SPITE OF HANDICAPS
"An inspiring text of individual achievements," by Ralph W. Bullock (Association Press).

AMERCAN AESOP
"A collection of humorous after-dinner masterpieces," by William Pickens.

THE STORY OF HAITI
"A historical review of the island from its discovery by Christopher Columbus to the present day," by Harriet Gibbs Marshall.

News Notes From Advertisers

OF the more than 70 representative music publishers to be found in the United States, none has been so closely identified with the theatrical and musical history of the Negro as the Edward B. Marks Music Co. of New York City. In the 37 years which have passed since the inception of this firm (formerly known as Joseph W. Stern and Co.) it has published songs of every important Negro composer and songwriter. These vary from James Weldon Johnson's immortal National Negro Anthem, "Lift Every Voice and Sing", to popular ditties of every description. They run the gamut from the early so-called "coon songs and cakewalks" of the late Nineties to the blues, jazz and spirituals of the present era.

Among the Negro writers who have entrusted all or many of their best songs to the Marks Co. are: Cole and Johnson Brothers (James Weldon and J. Rosamond), Paul Laurence Dunbar, Williams and Walker, Gussie L. Davis, Jules Bledsoe, Lieut. James Europe, Sissle and Blake, Ernest Hogan, Irving Jones, Chris Smith, J. Bernie Barbour, Will Tyers, Will Marion Cook, Deas and Wilson, Jim Burris, Scott Joplin, Bill Vodrey, Spencer Williams, Lucky Roberts, Alex Rodgers, Tom Delaney and numerous others including the present-day younger crop of writers whose fame is not quite as well established as those mentioned above.

The Books of Spirituals edited and arranged by the Johnson Brothers, W. C. Handy's volume "Blues", as well as various other bound books of Negro interest are handled exclusively for the music trade by the Marks concern. In every way the firm, and Mr. E. B. Marks in particular has fostered Negro writers and it is proud to number among its friends, as well as its prize writers, the very pick of the Negro musical world.

The Atlanta School of Social Work, the only institution devoting itself solely to the training of Negro social workers in the United States, began its eleventh year September 26, 1930, with an increase in floor space and two additions to its faculty. Other faculty additions will be made the second semester which begins February 3, 1931. Miss Sarah Ginsberg, graduate of the University of Illinois and Simmons College School of Social Work with the degree of M.S. in Social Research, is the new Director of the Social Research Department. The freshman class this year which is the largest in the history of the school includes persons from such widely separated sections of the country as Arkansas, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas and Colorado.

The Director continues to receive calls for workers from the social work field in larger numbers than he can supply. Many of the present calls are to supply workers to administer emergency relief due to unemployment.

Special courses are being planned for the second semester which will permit students to enter the School on February 3, and by attending summer sessions finish the two year course in approximately one and one-half years.

In order to extend the opportunity for vocational training during this period of unemployment and depression, the Stenographers' Institute, Philadelphia, Pa., inaugurated a new policy of enrollment effective Jan. 1, 1931, through which tuition for their Office Efficiency Course is reduced and other tuition payments re-arranged on an installment basis.

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THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC—Aims to meet the growing need for well-trained musicians, to serve as teachers and to co-operate in the advancement of music in church, school and community.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL—Two terms of thirty school days each, for teachers exclusively. Graduate work for those qualified.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION—Aims to train skilled builders by instruction in building methods, field management, building materials, trade practice, structural design, and principles of architecture.

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THE WOMAN'S INDUSTRIES include Home Economics—Courses in Foods, Clothing, Millinery, Applied Art, Laundering, Household Management in addition to Home Crafts and Ladies' Tailoring.

TWO-YEAR COLLEGE COURSES are offered in Education for the training of Teachers in Elementary Schools, for Teachers in Mechanical Industries, in Business Practice, in Home Economics, and in Technical Arts.

FOUR-YEAR COLLEGE COURSES leading to the Bachelor of Science degree are offered in Agriculture, Business, Education, Home Economics, and in Technical Arts.

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